

THE STALKING SEASON, OF 1921 (Illustrated). By Frank Wallace.

COUNTRY LIFE

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C VANDYK,

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: Lady Frank	33, 34
The Irish Settlement. (Leader)	34
Country Notes	35
Babcock Hythe, by G. James	35
A Winter View, by Hugh Haliburton	36
The Stalking Season of 1921, by Frank Wallace. (Illustrated) ..	37
Major David Davies' Foxhounds. (Illustrated)	40
Mr. Wells and What Might Be	43
Wild Elephants and the Camera in East Equatorial Africa—II, by M. Maxwell and W. D. M. Bell. Illustrated from photo- graphs by M. Maxwell	44
Country Home: Speke Hall.—II, by Christopher Hussey. (Illus- trated)	48
The Stranglehold on the Landowner, by Alfred J. Burrows, F.S.I. ..	55
The Last of the Rugby Trials, by Leonard R. Tostwill	56
A New Agricultural Experimental Station, by E. J. Russell, D.Sc., F.R.S., Director of Rothamsted Experimental Station. (Illus- trated)	57
Meyrick Collection of Armour, by F. H. Cripps Day. (Illustrated)	58
Correspondence	59
Eton (Arthur F. G. Leveson Gower and R. A. Austen Leigh); Scientific Feeding of Stock (M. J. Rowlands); Scent and the Rainbow; Little Owls and Rats (Harding Cox); The Song of the "Drunken Piper" (A. D. Duckworth); The Lapwing and the Tractor (E. V. Russell); First Record of the Gadwall in Westmorland (H. W. Robinson); The Art of Arranging Flowers (M. M. Lyne); Donkeys in Spain; Waterspouts on Inland Lakes.	
On the Green, by Bernard Darwin	61
The Perils of Steeplechasing	61
Improvements in the Picture Galleries	62
Shooting Notes, by Max Baker	63
The Estate Market	64
A Tapestry of "The Seven Deadly Sins," by D. Van de Goote. (Illustrated)	xlii.
The Automobile World. (Illustrated)	xliv.
The Bargain Pursuit. (Illustrated)	1.
Matters of the Moment	lii.

EDITORIAL NOTICE

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COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

The Irish Settlement

IT was not to be expected that the Sinn Féin debate would end in harmony. Throughout it furnished an exhibition of fiery and discordant eloquence, and yet the result is not so close as would appear from the figures. The Treaty was approved by a majority of seven, sixty-four in favour and fifty-seven against. It would have been deemed practical equality save for the fact that outside opinion had shown itself thoroughly in favour of confirming the agreement. The end, however, has come, and it leaves Ireland as independent as Canada or any of the other Colonies. Officials and administrators of English government will begin immediately to make an exit. Whether this in itself will be an advantage to Ireland remains to be seen. The country does not seem to have realised in the past that industrial England was the best customer of agricultural Ireland. If the development of the creamery system and the style of husbandry, which has been modelled upon that of Denmark, were to assume larger dimensions, it would obviously be the policy of Ireland to cultivate the closest business relations with London and the great industrial towns of the Midlands and North of England. Thus there is a natural connection between the two countries that we hope will continue and will even expand under the new régime. The immediate and the greatest difficulty to be faced is the chance of quarrels breaking out between the

home factions whose hostility to one another has been conspicuously shown in the debate. If there were a master interest in Ireland, he would immediately set to work to interest the people in the development of their resources. The past history of Ireland shows the country to be divided into religious and political factions. Passions have been stirred into activity by the irregular warfare of the last few years, during which lawlessness has prevailed to an extent almost unequalled. It is but natural that many of the young men who have turned into mere bravos have been trained not to obey but to ignore the law of the land. The future must depend to a large extent upon the amount of statesmanship which men of the stamp of Mr. Collins and Mr. Griffith can bring to bear upon the situation. Both of them during the Sinn Féin debate showed that they had obtained some light upon the greatest of all virtues in a statesman—patriotism—the love of a country for its own sake. It will now be their turn to awaken some response to that in the public. There can be no doubt that at this stage the consciousness of public approval or disapproval will either encourage the leaders to formulate a national policy that will consider only the greatest good for the greatest number, or, if support is not forthcoming, it will drive these leaders into the narrow ways of bitter partisanship.

On Great Britain the effect of the settlement cannot be otherwise than good. It has been like a great sore on the body of the Empire that the government of Ireland for so many years has led to outbreaks of lawlessness followed by attempts at repression. This country now retires into the position of a spectator watching the manner in which Irishmen will conduct the affairs of Ireland. The test to be applied to that must be found in the prosperity of the country or the want of it. During the history of the last two centuries the most curious feature has been that while Ireland burned with hatred of England, in this country, although indignation was keen enough about burnings, murders and other outrages, there was, on the whole, a feeling of friendliness to the nation at large. Great Britain has understood the good qualities of the Irish as well as their weaknesses. Irish humour, gaiety and gallantry have never been questioned. The Irish love of Erin and all that is meant by the phrase is only a variant of national feeling in other parts of the country. The good Englishman believes there is no land like England. The Scot asserts the same of Scotland with a little stronger emphasis, and the Welshman's pride in Wales is unsurpassed anywhere. We can each give expression to this feeling without in the slightest degree questioning the genuineness of a similar devotion to another country. This local patriotism is in itself good, but ought to be merged in one far greater, and that is, pride in the British Empire. It would be hopeless to expect that immediately after the period of strife has ended the Irish people should feel or say that they have discarded their long hatred, but in time they may be relied upon to learn that strength does not lie in isolation and disunion, but in union. The greatest empire which the world has ever seen to the outsider seems to hang loosely together, but in times of stress and need it has shown itself capable of putting forth a power that is colossal because united.

We may look forward to a period of unrest, during which Ireland will be gradually settling down after the storm, and the elements will not be joined in unity for some time to come. The length of the period will depend largely upon the attitude of Mr. De Valera and his friends. They may go on as he says they will—agitating for a republic—but, should they do so, we believe that Irish opinion will gradually become hostile to them. De Valera has been subjected to a crucial test, and there are few who would contend that his reputation is as great at the end as it was at the beginning.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Frank, wife of Sir Howard Frank, Bt., K.C.B., whose marriage took place this week. Lady Frank is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Brooks.



COUNTRY NOTES

IN this country there are no more than two and a half millions of income tax payers, and they contribute an annual amount of nearly £400,000,000. The income tax is well known to be breaking the back of England. It takes from the citizen that portion of his earnings which he was accustomed to save and invest in industrial concerns. He cannot keep both the factories and the Government of his country going. The taxation has reached to such a point that it cannot be paid without selling capital. We, therefore, welcome the appointment of so eminent a business man as Lord Inchcape to be President of the Income Taxpayer's Society. This body has been formed for the purpose of securing the withdrawal of false claims on income, and to press for reductions of the income tax. We have on many occasions indicated the harm that this special form of high taxation is doing, and the ruin that it is bringing on the country must be evident to every one of our readers. They are exhorted to join the new society and to make every endeavour towards modifying the official scheme.

MR. H. A. L. FISHER, President of the Board of Education, made a capital speech to the National Society of Art Masters at Sheffield last week. Nobody could help agreeing with him generally. Art is not so closely knit up with industry and commerce as is desirable, yet what vast improvements there have been! Let anyone look, for example, at the illustrated advertisements on what might be called the cave walls of the underground railways and imagine what they would have been twenty-five or thirty years ago. In refinement, in beauty, in artistic merit there is no comparison between them and what has gone before. If we look at the advertisements in the weekly and some of the daily papers, we find that a vast step forward has been taken from the emphatic and ugly monstrosities of the later years of the nineteenth century. Yet, though it may seem paradoxical to say so, we do not think it is such a great mistake as Mr. Fisher assumes "to paint the Englishman as a natural and ineradicable Philistine, concerned only with his meals and his bank balances and his athletic sports." In spite of all the advance that has been made, John Bull has not been greatly changed from what he was at the Battle of Waterloo, and that people still continue to glory in him as he is portrayed is only proof that the solid and serviceable are still valued in England more than the merely æsthetic. Between the two extremes lies the path of good sense and steady improvement.

IN spite of certain remarks of his that have been lavishly quoted, Mr. Fisher would probably agree with what we have said, and certainly we agree with him in his opinion that during the last fifty years great progress has been made in the minor works and crafts. A great deal of our printing is beautiful, and some of our book bindings are admirable. The illustration of books has more than improved, it has been revolutionised. The outrage on common-sense, the hopeless exaggeration and crudeness of book illustration during the early years of the nineteenth century have been

superseded by really beautiful work. All of it cannot be done by men and women of genius, but some of it is, and the greater part shows evidence of a realisation of what is wanted in such pictures, and considerable success towards attaining the ideal.

WHEN Professor Fleming, in his Christmas lectures, said that "one thing peculiar to the telephone is its extraordinary inefficiency," his audience laughed with approval. They thought he was speaking of the Post Office, whereas he meant that the instrument is not perfect: in the words of the lecturer, "as it stands it is only a half-invented thing." As an illustration, he took the fact that it cannot sound the "s" yet. Edison declared that it took him a month to make it sound the "s" in "sugar." On the instrument, too, it is difficult to distinguish between such words as "fine" and "nine." Professor Fleming's hope is that the mechanical troubles will disappear when the automatic exchange comes into general use. Your telephone will then be provided with a dial, and all you will have to do will be to turn the pointer to the figures of the number required, when a series of signals will be transmitted to the automatic exchange. Professor Fleming thinks that the present exchanges worked by manual labour will be superseded, and the telephone system will be based on automatic exchanges.

BABLOCK HYTHE.

We heard no scythe
When we went down to Bablock Hythe;
Though 'twas eternity till Spring,
Long since they'd finished harvesting.
No kingfisher or jay
We saw that day,
No willow-herb was seen
Nor loosestrife . . . only sedges green,
The generous, level fields, and high
A curlew in the brooding, wide, pale sky.
The river still
And chill,
Like a grey, winter road was hard and cold.
But the air was gold,
And the poplar leaves that fell
As well . . .
Then a bell
Sounded faintly,
From Cumnor or from Besselsleigh—
And our two hearts bore the stress,
The great weight of all that loveliness . . .
We were at Bablock Hythe the very day
Before you went away. . . .

G. JAMES.

IN those scientific circles which are deeply interested in research, the growing scarcity of phosphatic manures is regarded with a concern almost amounting to dismay. Professor Armstrong describes it as "the one chief factor which must limit agricultural production throughout the world." Wheat cannot be raised in Australia, except on newly cleared forest land, without applying phosphatic manures. He instances the soils of Ceylon, the greater part of India and the whole eastern region of the United States as being "so reduced in phosphate that only minimal crops can be raised upon them." Phosphates, like other manures, by one channel or another, find their way into the sea, the ultimate home of bones that are allowed to moulder in the tomb or the field. "In India, religion commands that the phosphates be wasted; we without creed, pour them into our sewers." The same waste occurs in either case. Obviously, what we may call the "higher research," should occupy itself with a means of winning back this lost product. We could begin by taking more care of the birds, which reclaim at least a fraction; but any other mode, as far as at present can be seen, would frighten the explorer away by its expense. Yet, phosphate is a necessity not only for agriculture, but for the continuance of the race, and just as the exhaustion of nitrogen was avoided by the discovery that it can be obtained from the atmosphere, so research is the only path by means of which the method of recovering phosphates will be discovered.

THE Mount Everest Expedition's photographs are now being exhibited at the Alpine Club Galleries. In order to appreciate, or at least to comprehend, the great panoramas of snow peaks and glaciers, it is best to walk straight across the room as one goes in and look at one of the two large-scale maps of the country. Here the whole route is marked, and it is possible to get a clear conception of the geography. The important fact, for understanding the photographs, is that the Karta Valley, whence the ascent will be made, runs roughly parallel to and north of the Kama Valley. As most of the snow photographs are of one of these two valleys, it is well to get clear about them. But a good half of the pictures deal with the entrancing country that the Expedition had to pass through: magnificent wooded valleys of Nepal, and fantastic Tibetan castles perched on precipitous rocks. Nor are the inhabitants—lamas, local gentry and lesser folk—any less peculiar.

ACCORDING to Sir Francis Younghusband, President of the Royal Geographical Society, very good preparations have been made for this year's expedition to Mount Everest. It is determined, among other things, to take a cinematograph machine in order to provide more life-like pictures. If this be well done, as we presume is assured, the film ought to be as attractive to the public as were Mr. Ponting's cinematograph pictures of the Scott Expedition. Colour photography is to be employed in order to show the beauty of plant life, and it is expected also that a painter will be induced to go out so as to get pictures which will show the wonderful colours of the Everest neighbourhood. The expedition is to start in March, and Brigadier-General the Hon. Charles Bruce, the leader, is leaving for India in about a month's time to make preliminary arrangements.

IN view of the recent cleaning which "The Blue Boy" (on exhibition for ten days more at the National Gallery) has undergone, it is interesting to hear the views of Professor A. P. Laurie, who probably expresses the opinion of most readers of COUNTRY LIFE when he states that he is emphatically opposed, on principle, to the cleaning of Old Masters by the application of solvents to remove the old varnish. Nothing stronger than warm water should be used, and that applied most carefully with cotton-wool. Especial care should be taken with pictures showing the brush marks; the surface of these is, of course, a minute network of ridges and furrows, and any removal of varnish will result in the overcleaning of the ridges and the neglect of the furrows. A method of "bringing out" pictures which, by being hung in dark rooms, have lost their colour—owing to too much oil being used by the painter, or to the medium being insufficiently dry, is to subject the canvases to a sun bath.

IN the Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture for January there is a very able statement of the case for setting up testing stations for agricultural machinery. The technical reasons will appeal to all who are engaged in the cultivation of the soil. We cannot go into them here. It is sufficient to note one instance cited by the writer. It is that of a plough which may do admirable work when the actual operation of ploughing is considered, and yet the resultant crop may not be commensurate with the apparent quality of the work done. He shows that the solution must be "sought on the lines of the closest co-operation between the mechanic and the soil physicist, to whom must be added the botanist and the plant pathologist." A common-sense reason for establishing testing stations in Great Britain is that those in other parts of the world have done excellent work; secondly, that the manufacturer who looks beyond his own country for a market would derive incalculable benefit. He has to deal with customers who have become greatly more critical than before. Circumstances have compelled them to provide for their own needs as far as possible, as their purchasing power has been reduced. The only chance of making machines that will have a sale in foreign countries is that the customers shall find them better and, in the long run, cheaper than what they can themselves produce. "Failure of any implement placed on a foreign market will prejudice indefinitely not only the firm but the nation producing it."

MR. JAMES LAW, who died at Edinburgh on Sunday at the age of eighty-three, was the best known of the proprietors of the *Scotsman* newspaper. For more than sixty-four years he was its business manager, and for the greater part of that time one of the proprietors. Mr. Law was a hard-headed Scot of a type that can never become too common, bold in adventure and safe in the handling of an enterprise. It was largely owing to his whole-hearted advocacy that telegraphic facilities for reporting news were granted. He was the first of the provincial newspaper managers to use a special train for the distribution of his paper. This he did as long ago as 1872. The leasing of a special wire between London and Edinburgh made almost a revolution in the provincial Press. As is well known, his concentration on business did not deprive him of many other ideas and enthusiasms.

A WINTER VIEW.

The rime lies cauld on fern and fauld,
The lift's a drumlie gray;
The hill-taps a' are white wi' snaw,
And dull an' dour's the day.
The silly sheep thegither creep,
The govin' cattle glower,
The plou-man stands to chap his hands,
An' wuss the storm was ower.

HUGH HALIBURTON.

THE evil of motor car thefts is no nearer diminishing. Mr. F. S. Broad, manager of the Bell Assurance Association, has been for some time recommending a system which, while being simplicity itself, should make the recovery of stolen motor cars a practical certainty. The scheme is to have a central depot containing a card index of every car made in or imported into England or exported abroad, of which the basis would be the registered chassis number. If a car is stolen after registration, application, he says, is sure to be made sooner or later to an insurance company for its re-insurance. By reference to this central register the insurance company would at once be informed that the car was a stolen one, or, if the number had been changed, that the number was a duplicate, or a non-existent one. The licence disc system has been entirely useless, since within a few days of their first issue they were purchasable at a shilling apiece, and there is no reason to assume that the books are not similarly obtainable. The only hindrance to the adoption of Mr. Broad's suggestion is the reluctance of the various tariff insurance companies to pull together, and the unenthusiastic attitude of the Ministry of Transport. Mr. Broad asserts that it would easily pay the insurance companies to finance the scheme: on the basis of 1,500,000 cars the initial cost would be £50,000, sinking to little more than £10,000 for each succeeding year, which is a negligible amount compared with the sums expended in refunding theft insurance.

OUR readers will find it very much worth their while to read the article which Mr. Alfred J. Burrows contributes to this number under the title of "The Stranglehold on the Landowner." The writer describes a state of affairs which might have been deliberately invented for the purpose of extinguishing ownership of land. It is only necessary to compare the tax shown in the estate accounts referred to by our contributor with what is charged on an income derived from other forms of investment. If you draw £1,000 a year from an industrial source, you have to pay 3s. 6d. out of every £1 after allowances are deducted. If the income is £2,000 the tax rises to 4s. 6d.; but Lord Denbigh, for the £2,395 which he derives from five thousand acres in Warwickshire before taxation, has to pay 18s. 8d. in the £1 instead of the 5s. which would have been the rate on the same return from other sources. The Duke of Buccleuch's returns show that 19s. 7d. in the £1 is taken from him for tax and supertax; and the Duke of Bedford's case is more extraordinary still; while Sir Walter Gilbey shows that he incurred an actual loss of 4s. an acre over his whole estate, including 7s. an acre as "essential and paramount disbursements of a landlord on behalf of his poorer neighbours."

THE STALKING SEASON OF 1921

BY FRANK WALLACE.

IN spite of the prediction of one expert, that stags were so far forward that it might be anticipated that the majority of those to be killed would find their way into the larder before August 12th, quite a number were brought in between that date and October 15th. A record season was anticipated by many writers, both as regards heads and weights; but while the latter have been unusual, heads on the whole have been disappointing. It would indeed be a bad year if, out of a total of 6,000 stags—taking into account the exceptionally mild winter—one or two really first-class heads were not killed, but there can be little doubt that the standard has fallen considerably since 1914. The lower points, in the case of most good heads, were very fine; indeed, I do not recall any season in which they were so uniformly long, 11in. and 12in. brows being not uncommon. For this the mild and good spring is responsible, the dry summer accounting for the falling off which is noticeable in the beam above the tray point, and the tops. Deer as a rule were not very early in coming into condition, though it appeared that they would be, but the mild and wet weather which prevailed towards the latter part of the season kept them back. This factor considerably affected the lower lying forests, as the big stags

No very noticeable comments appeared during the season in connection with the habits and natural history of deer, with the exception of the following account of a fight by Lieutenant-Colonel D. McLachlan, who, stalking on Islay, saw a very light-coloured stag with several hinds. Half an hour later on getting nearer he was surprised to find a different stag with the hinds. The stalk apparently failed, but the original stag was found lying dead with no marks to show how he had been killed and no blood on the ground, though marks of the fight were plain. When skinned, it was found that the other stag's horn had penetrated the liver and stomach. Both beasts were 10-pointers, the dead one having the better head of the two. Only once have I come across a stag actually killed by another, and so circumstantial a history as the above is most uncommon.

By far the best head which I have seen personally this year is the eleven-pointer killed by Major H. Bell at Affaric on September 9th. It is absolutely first class, though the captious may complain at the shortness of the bay on the left horn and its absence on the right. I give the measurements—as supplied by Messrs. Spicer and Son—at the end of this article. It is, perhaps, worth mentioning, in view of several misleading



FASNAKYLE, 14 POINTS.



AFFARIC, 11 POINTS.



WYVIS, 12 POINTS.

were not in a hurry to leave the high ground and hind forests suffered accordingly. Deer are still showing the effects of the war and will continue to do so for many a long day. Not only were a great many hinds killed between 1915-1919, mostly in the home beats, which has had the effect of denuding such ground of stags, but a great many stags were shot which under normal conditions would by now be reaching their prime. There may not be many old stags with good heads at present alive in Scotland, but there are a great many old worthless stags still in evidence which ought to have been killed when the demand for venison was great. In one forest this year I killed a stag with only two teeth in the front of his lower jaw and no tushes: another rifle killed one in very similar condition, while a few days later I killed another old stag in a different forest with no teeth at all in his lower jaw and only one tush. If this is the experience of one stalker, what would the result of a general census be? *A propos* of this fact, I have been told by one with exceptional opportunities of judging that a noticeably large number of deer killed this year lacked several or all of their front teeth and tushes. I give the fact for what it is worth. One experienced stalker tells me that in his opinion the real shortage of stags will come in four or five years from now, and I am inclined to think he is right. He writes: "In looking over a large area of ground this season, it was pitiful to see in many cases packs of fine hinds being looked after by rags of stags that should not have been seen on any forest"; and this complaint is not confined to one forest alone.

accounts which have appeared in different periodicals, that the circumference is *not* 58ins., nor is the spread between the brow antlers 36½ins.! A good 14-pointer was killed at Fasnakyle and a very fine 13-pointer at Jura.

At Kintail and North Cluanie sixty-one stags were killed, including two of 19st., the average being just over 16st. The best heads at Kintail were a 13-pointer, a nice royal, and a pretty 10-pointer. The best head from Cluanie was an 11-pointer. The stag was well known and had been fired at four times last year and unsuccessfully stalked twice this season. He carried one of the most attractively shaped heads of the year, and weighed 18st. 9lb. A royal of 18st. 12lb. was also killed in this forest.

At Affaric seventy-nine stags were killed, the average weight being 15st. 7lb., the heaviest stag (killed on October 6th) scaling 19st. 6lb. The bag included seven royals, nine 11-pointers, twenty 10-pointers, three switches and one hummel. The big 11-pointer was killed in Corrie Pape and weighed 16st. 6lb. He was well known and had been stalked and missed several times in 1920 and twice last year before he was killed. Walking along the north side of the corrie, Major Bell spied him lying down, crawled down about 30yds., and killed him as he lay about 70yds. off.

At Fannich stalking finished on the 8th with eighty stags. The deer were early and the heads better than last season.

At Ceannacroc sixty-eight stags were killed, the average weight being 15st. 5lb. Among the best heads were a 13-pointer

and four royals, two of the latter being shot right and left and weighing over 17st. Four stags were over 18st.

At Levishie twenty stags averaged 15st. 11lb. The best head was a royal and the heaviest stag 17st. 2lb.

At South Dundreggan twenty stags averaged 14st. 13lb., the heaviest beast, a fine wild 10-pointer, being 17st. 8lb. At North Dundreggan twenty-four stags were killed, including one royal. In addition to the above, five stags were killed near Glenmoriston House, one being a royal of 16st. The deer, as might be expected, were earlier on the high open ground at the west end of the glen than on the lower ground near the foot.

At Coignafearn sixty-nine stags were killed, of which fourteen were over 17st., the two heaviest being 18st. 11lb. and 18st. 9lb. No exceptional heads were killed.

At Invergarry forty-eight stags averaged 14st. 4lb., the two heaviest being 17st. and the best head a royal. Deer were late and, owing to mist and the hot weather, were difficult to stalk.

At Abernethy forty-three stags included two good 9-pointers, though nothing exceptional was seen. The heaviest stag scaled 18st. 3lb., and three others weighed 17st. and upwards. The number of really old stags killed was rather larger than usual. Hinds and calves were in very good condition, and though stags were late in coming in to the ground they were not late in the rut. The first stag was not killed till September 26th.

Ledgowan was only stalked for a fortnight, fifteen stags being killed by Prince Ghika of Roumania, with an average weight of 14st. 10lb. The heaviest was 17st. 6lb., and though stalking was much hindered by mist and rain, some nice heads were obtained.

At Dunbeath twenty-four stags averaged 15st. 4lb., the heaviest being 18st. 9lb. A 13-pointer was included in the bag.

At Glenfeshie sixty-six stags were killed, including a 14-pointer, two 13-pointers and three royals; and at Invereshie fifteen stags were secured. An 11-pointer killed at Glenfeshie had a length of horn of 38ins., but I have not seen the head.

At Invermark sixty-six stags were killed, averaging 15st., the heaviest being 17st. 6lb. Deer were in good condition and at least a fortnight earlier than usual.

At Monar Major Stirling got a total of forty stags, the average weight being 15st. 7½lb. and the heaviest stag 18st. 3lb. The first roar was heard on September 8th. No really good heads were seen, but the class of stag was better than in other post-war years and "shootable" stags were more plentiful. One stag was killed with a scar on his back and one eye out—both evidently the result of fighting, as his horn was well grown and he was in miserable condition and no trace could be found of a bullet. *A propos* of this, three cases of stags blind in one eye came under my personal knowledge this season, though there was nothing to indicate the cause of their blindness.

At Langwell the Duke of Portland—who this season killed his thousandth stag and over his thousandth salmon—secured fifty-five stags. Among them was a 14-pointer weighing 17st. 8lb., a 13-pointer weighing 16st., a royal of 16st. 6lb. and three 11-pointers, one of which weighed 21st. 4lb.

At Fasnakyle sixty-six stags were killed, averaging 14st. 12½lb., the heaviest being 18st. 12lb. The best head was

the 14-pointer killed by Colonel Stephenson Clarke, to which I have already alluded. It is considered to be the strongest head killed during Colonel Clarke's long lease, the girth of the beam being 6½ins. below the tops. Picking out the best head of the season and dogmatising on it is an invidious occupation which I have never attempted. I have seen comparisons drawn in the Press between Colonel Clarke's head and Major Bell's. If the two heads were placed side by side (which I do not think has ever been the case) and a jury of experts asked to state which was the better head of the two, a very animated discussion would follow. Of one thing I am quite certain, and that is that the experts would not agree! Quite rightly, too, as every man has his own standard, even after all facts on which it is possible to lay down fixed rules have been decided.

At Glencarron thirty-five stags were killed with an average weight of 14st. 5lb., the heaviest being 17st. Some nice heads were killed, the best being a 9-pointer, of which I give measurements.

At Braulen Sir John Dewrance secured some heavy stags, the three biggest being 19st. 11lb., 18st. 5lb. and 18st. 11lb. Twelve were over 17st., and the bag included two royals. The best head was a 9-pointer, of which measurements are given; two good 10-pointers came next. The stalking suffered from the prevalence of westerly winds, and the dry summer had noticeably affected the upper part of horn growth in many cases.

At Killiechonate thirty-one stags were killed, the stalking here again suffering owing to mist and bad winds. Heads were not very good and weights fair.

At Knoydart sixty-three stags averaged 15st., the heaviest being 17st. 3lb. A royal and a 10-pointer were the best heads, which were not up to expectations. The season so far as weather was concerned was the worst for thirty-five years, south-east winds, rain and mist being continuous.

At Strathconon stalking finished on October 10th with a total of ninety stags, a number far below what was expected. Captain Combe writes: "We had more mist and bad stalking days this season than any three or four seasons previously put together. One week in September, anyhow five days of it, not a shot was fired." Deer were very fat and in wonderful condition, and though horns lacked the length of pre-war heads, they were very thick and rough. Considering the fatness of the deer, weights were rather disappointing, the heaviest beast weighing 18st. 3lb. Six stags killed by Captain Combe on the 9th and 10th averaged 17st. 3lb. A single-horned stag with five points measured just over 35ins., and other good heads were two royals and two 11-pointers. Of the two latter I give measurements.

At Gaick Mr. Hargreaves secured fifty-seven stags, the heaviest being 18st. 2lb. Heads were considerably above the average, though nothing outstanding was either killed or seen. The last twelve days of the season were utterly ruined by mist. The stags were in possession of hinds by September 19th, it being one of the earliest seasons ever known on this forest.

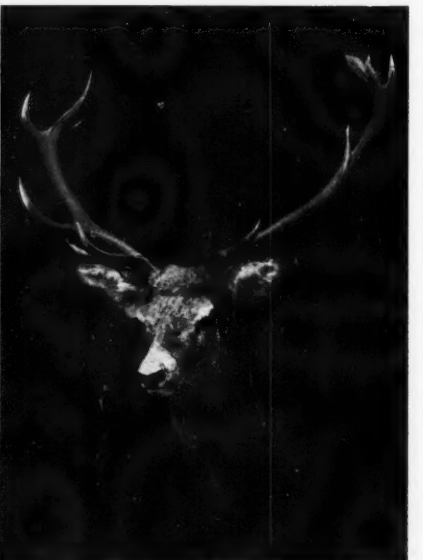
At Dibiedale and Kildermorie Mr. Dyson Perrins killed respectively forty-one and thirty-five stags. Weights were well above the average, the heaviest stag being 19st. 4lb.; a massive but short head from Kildermorie. A stag of 18st. 6lb. with ten points was the heaviest in Dibiedale. Heads, speaking



NORTH CLUANIE, 11 POINTS.



MEOBLE, 11 POINTS.



LANGWELL, 14 POINTS.

generally, were better than usual, being rougher, stronger and more symmetrical, but very few of real merit were killed. Deer were earlier than usual, and stalking finished on October 8th.

At Corriemoney twenty-three stags averaged 15st. 4lb., the heaviest being 17st. 2lb. The bag included a royal, shot by a lady, and a nice 10-pointer.

At Mamore Mr. F. W. Bell killed seventy-five stags with an average weight of 14st. 9lb., and the heaviest stag 17st. 10lb. Two royals, eight 11-pointers and ten 10-pointers were included, and deer were well forward and in good condition.

At Glenfinnan Major Courtauld secured thirty-eight stags, averaging 15st. 3lb., with the heaviest beast 17st. 7lb. An 11-pointer and eight 10-pointers were killed.

At Meoble Sir Berkeley Sheffield got forty-six stags, averaging 14st. 6lb., the heaviest beast being 19st. Many good heads were spared, the measurements of the best killed being given at the end of this article.

At Torridon twenty-three stags were killed, averaging 13st. 7lb., the heaviest beast being 17st. Stags were in good condition, but heads were poor, and by October 10th all the big stags were very much run. Stalking during the last ten days of the season was much interfered with by mist and rain.

Only a few deer were killed on Dundonnell, as Major Arkwright was unable to go North. Deer were in good condition.

At Glendessary Lord Belper killed twenty-five stags, the average weight being 15st. 4lb. and the heaviest stag 18st. 5lb. Stags were in good condition, but owing to the dry and mild weather were very late in breaking up. A very nice 9-pointer was the best head killed, though it did not reach the same standard as the royal killed last year.

At Achdalu Mr. Parsons killed twenty-six stags, averaging 15st. 4½lb., the heaviest stag being 17st. 12lb. Deer were in better condition than they had been for the two previous seasons. Three good heads were obtained, the best being a strong 8-pointer.

At Inverloch, owing to mist and bad weather during the latter part of the season, only thirty-one stags were killed, averaging 15st. 3lb. This is about 1½st. heavier than last year. The heaviest stag, an 11-pointer, weighed 17st.

Achnacarry was not let, but Lochiel killed some old stags with poor heads, all good stags, and many promising heads seen were spared.

At Glenkingie forty stags were killed, bad heads being also taken here in preference to improving stags.

At Fealar fifty-nine stags were killed, including four royals, the heaviest stag (17st.) being a 10-pointer. Deer were clean early and began to look for hinds before the usual date, then, owing to the mild weather, the rut was averted and finished later than was anticipated. Heads were good, but not up to early expectations. A large number of switches, malforms and one-horned stags were seen and shot whenever possible.

At Patt Colonel Haig did not kill many stags, the best head being a 14-pointer weighing 17st., of which I give measurements. The white stag, of which many notices appeared in the Scottish Press at the time when he was first noticed, has now moved to Patt. He is a two year old with one horn, and in the distance looks like a white pony. It is to be hoped he will not move further west, as there is a legend that when a white stag appears at Killilan all sorts of terrible things will happen, the Dornie ferry will run red with blood and it will be possible to walk across the end of Loch Long on dead bodies!

At Killilan, Glomach and part of Patt Mr. Willes got fifty-three stags, averaging 15st., the heaviest being 19st. The heads included two royals, three 11-pointers, five 10-pointers, two 9-pointers, thirteen 8-pointers, ten 7-pointers, twelve 6-pointers, and six 5-pointers and under. The best heads were a royal, a wild 7-pointer with a length of 35ins. and 30in. span. Deer were in excellent condition, but stalking was much hampered at the end of the season by mist and bad weather. All promising stags were spared. The first roar was heard on September 16th, and stalking ended on October 13th.

At Tulchan stalking began on August 29th and finished on October 12th with a total of fifty-one stags. The heaviest stags weighed respectively 21st. 2lb., 19st. 12lb., 19st. 6lb.,



JURA, 13 POINTS.

two of over 18st. and two of over 17st., while the average weight was 15st. 6lb.

At Kinlochewe twenty stags were killed, the three heaviest being a hummel 17st. 11lb., a switch 15st. 11lb. and a 6-pointer 15st. 10lb. Deer were in good condition, but stalking was much hampered by mist and rain.

At Kinveachy Sir S. Maryon Wilson killed twenty-nine stags with an average weight of 12st. 12lb., the heaviest stag being 17st. 7lb. Deer were early, but stalking was hampered by the prevalence of southerly winds.

Of Sandside there is nothing exceptional to report; weights were good, but heads not ex-

ceptional. Mr. Pilkington, now in his eighty-eighth year, killed two royals right and left, one weighing 18st. and the other 16st. A similar feat was performed at Struy by General Askwith, who had the misfortune to lose a leg in the war. One stag weighed 18st. 4lb. and the other 17st. 8lb. This is the third instance of the kind reported this year, while at Glendoe on October 5th Mr. Noble shot a 13-pointer, Mr. W. Cochrane having killed a stag with a similar number of points in the preceding stalk, the two rifles being out together on the same beat.

In Glenartney Lord Ancaster killed seventy-one stags with an average weight of 15st. 10lb., the heaviest being 19st. 6lb. Three stags weighed over 18st. and fifteen over 17st. The bag included a 13-pointer, a royal, five 11-pointers and ten 10-pointers.

At Wyvis Colonel Shoolbred got a good royal, an old stag, which measurements I give. Major W. H. Wilkin killed a fine 9-pointer with a horn of 35ins. and wide span, one horn being rather better than the other. An 8-pointer was killed with a span of 37½ins., but otherwise not a good head. Stags were in very good condition.

At Strathbran Captain Macleod of Cadboll got twenty-three stags averaging 15st.; at Hunthill twenty-five stags were killed, the best head being a royal; at Rhidoroch Mr. Rose killed forty-seven stags with an average weight of 14st. 7lb.; and at Inverlael twenty-five stags were got, including a royal of 19st. 3lb.

The Marquess of Sligo and Lord Stanhope killed thirty stags at Ardgour. Bad heads were picked when possible, but apart from these two good royals were killed and other fair heads. Owing to mud, mist, heavy rain and high temperature, the season was the worst experienced for many years.

At Glenquoich and part of Cluanie Mr. C. Williams killed ninety stags. Weights were good and deer in very good condition owing to the mild winter, the best known for many years in this part of Scotland. Many stags were roaring by the middle of September, and the big stags were out of condition by October 10th. The best head was an 11-pointer, of which I give measurements. It is a strong, wild head of good length, though the points are not up to the general character.

At Cozac forty stags averaged 14st. 13lb., the best heads being a 13-pointer, two royals and a good 10-pointer. Deer were at least three weeks earlier than in 1920.

At Benula thirty-one stags averaged 16st. 2lb., and though a royal and a 14-pointer were seen, no good heads were secured.

At Glenmazeran thirty-three stags averaged 16st. 5lb. and included two 13-pointers, four royals, two 11-pointers and nine 10-pointers.

At Inchbae twenty-two stags averaged 14st., though on the best part of the ground, which is let separately, thirty-two stags averaged slightly more in weight, and, generally speaking, only old stags were shot.

At Corroul eighty stags averaged 14st. 7lb. clean. The heaviest stag was 17st. 7lb., the next 17st. 4lb., while many were over 16st. A 14-pointer and two royals were included in the bag, and both in heads and weights a marked improvement was shown on previous seasons. This forest, like many others, suffered, and is still suffering, from the effects of the war.

At Balmacaan thirty-eight stags were killed, the best head being a 10-pointer. The average weight was about 14st.

In the Islands Sir Samuel Scott killed ninety-nine stags in North Harris with the high average weight of 13st. The heaviest beast was 15st. 4lb., and though the deer looked well in July, owing to the continuous bad and wet weather throughout the summer, the stags were very late. Heads were exceptionally bad. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that the deer in

Harris and Lewis are very much smaller than those on the mainland.

In Arran fifty-five stags were killed averaging 15st. 10lb., the heaviest being 18st. and three weighing over 17st. Heads on the whole were good, especially, curiously enough, the tops, while the absence of double brows was noticeable. Several stags were clean by August 1st, and roaring started so early as the first week of September.

At Langass Lieutenant-Colonel Anstruther Grey got a good 11-pointer weighing 19st. 4lb. and two fair royals. Deer were very late, the first stag being killed on September 7th. Owing to the stormy weather during the winter, spring and summer, deer were not as good as usual, and from the same cause it was the worst stalking season known for many years.

In Jura only part of the forest was let, and twenty stags were killed with the high average weight of 16st. 2lb. clean.

Two royals were included. On the Jura House sheep ground seventeen stags were killed, four of which were over 20st. clean. These heavy weights are due to the fact that many stags winter in the natural woods, where they find good shelter. No artificial food is provided. The three best heads—a 13-pointer, which showed signs of going back; a royal, and an 11-pointer, 23st. 9lb.—were all shot by Mr. C. G. Campbell.

My best thanks are due to Messrs. Rowland Ward for their help and for the photograph of the Fasnakyle head; to Messrs. Spicer for photographs of the Affaric head and for various measurements; and to Mr. W. Macleay for much help and assistance. Also to the various owners and lessees of forests for their courtesy in sending me particulars of the season's sport and for allowing me to publish measurements and photographs of various heads.

Locality.	Points.	Length.	Beam.	Spin (inside).	Owner.	Remarks.
*Affaric ..	5 + 6	36½	5	29½	Major H. Bell ..	Spread 36½ins. A magnificent head which would have been quite first class even in pre-war days. Of beautiful shape, well balanced, thick rough horn, splendid tops and very long brow points, the only weak point is the short bay on the left horn. The right bay is missing. So far as "style" goes it is the best head I have seen for years.
Glenquoich ..	6 + 5	35½	5	31½	36½in. spread. Misses left bay. I have not seen this head.
*Fasnakyle ..	7 + 7	35½	4½	23	Lt.-Col. Stephenson Clarke	Spread 29½ins. I have not seen this head.
Glenfeshie ..	6 + 7	35½	5	25½	Capt. D. Gunston ..	I have not seen this head, and am indebted to Messrs. Rowland Ward for the measurements.
*Wyvis ..	6 + 6	34½	4½	25	Lt.-Col. Shoolbred ..	A head of beautiful shape and rough horn.
Patt ..	7 + 7	34½	4½	22½	Col. Oliver Haig ..	Though narrow, wild in shape with nice trays and tops.
*Meoble ..	5 + 6	34	4½	28½	Sir Berkeley Sheffield .	Very good tops and 11½in. brows. Right bay missing. A head of good shape.
Glendessary ..	4 + 5	34	4½	30½	Lord Belper ..	A well shaped wild head with thick rough horn.
Garrygualach ..	5 + 6	34	4	31½	Mr. A. Schwerdt ..	Good spread and good brows and tops.
Glencarron ..	5 + 4	32½	4½	21½	Sir Leslie Garton ..	A wild massive head, carrying the weight well up and finishing in nice tops.
Strathconon ..	5 + 6	32	4½	22½	Capt. C. Combe ..	The left bay is weak. A head of nice shape.
Strathconon ..	6 + 5	31½	5	23	Capt. C. Combe ..	12in. brows.
Braulen ..	5 + 4	31½	4½	29½	Sir John Dewrance ..	Misses bays, and the brows are rather short. A good strong wild head.
*Langwell ..	7 + 7	31	5	30½	Duke of Portland ..	Strong rough horns tending to palmation at the tops.
*N. Cluanie ..	6 + 5	31	5	24½	Capt. Webster ..	11½in. brows. Right bay weak. Strong horn, and one of the best shaped heads I saw.

ISLAND HEADS.

*Jura ..	7 + 6	36½	5½	32½	Mr. C. G. Campbell..	Spread 38½. I have not seen these heads.
	6 + 5	36½	4½	29½	Mr. C. G. Campbell..	Spread 35½.
	7 + 5	31	4½	29½	Spread 39½. Five points on right top.

* Illustrations appear of these heads.

MAJOR DAVID DAVIES' FOXHOUNDS

MAJOR DAVID DAVIES has hunted in Wales fox, hare and otter, with foxhounds (their portraits are here), with beagles and with otter-hounds, and shows

a great deal of varied sport in Montgomeryshire. He is one of the few masters who hunt their countries at their own expense, asking neither for subscriptions nor for a cap. Montgomeryshire is a hilly country, but the grass, of which there is a good deal, and the moorlands generally carry a serving and sometimes a burning scent. The woodlands, which cover about one-fourth of the country hunted or rather less, vary (like woodlands in all other countries I have known) in their scenting qualities. But Major Davies' packs are bred for

their country and, as readers will be able to see for themselves, differ a good deal from the type of foxhound we have shown when illustrating such packs as the Duke of Beaufort's or

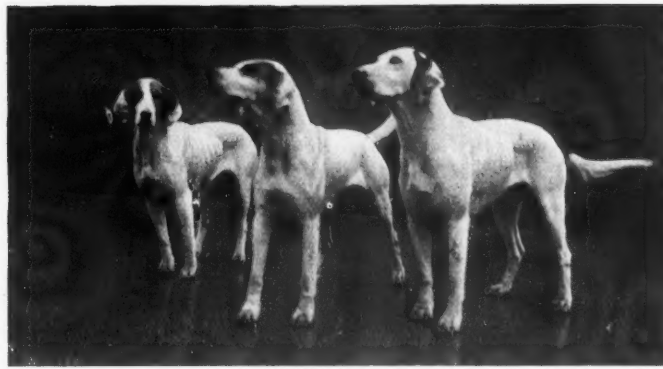
the York and Ainsty. Not that Major Davies' hounds have not several strains of Badminton, Belvoir and Milton blood; but the Master, breeding hounds for his own country, has wisely had recourse to packs of established reputation for killing foxes in rough and hilly country. There is, in fact, a good deal of Welsh and Fell blood in the pack—as, for example, in the hounds Torment Templar and Trueman. These are first season hounds and have all entered well. They are by The Blencathra Trueman, their dam being a Welsh



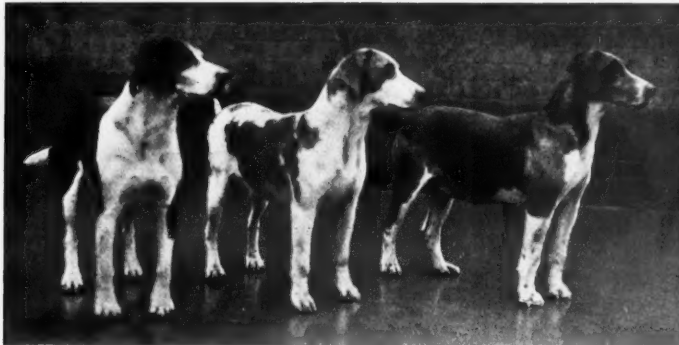
W. A. Rouch.

THE MASTER ON RAJAH.

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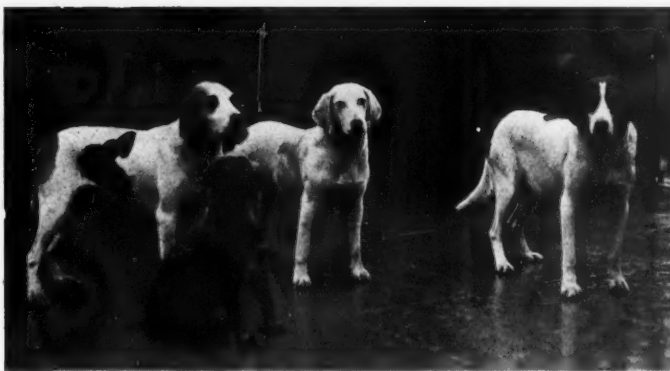
TORMENT, TEMPLAR AND TRUEMAN.



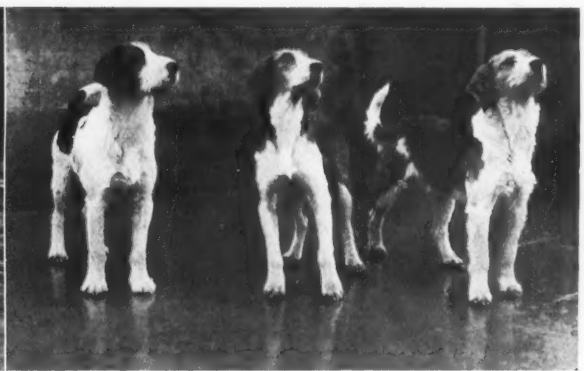
BEAUTY, COMELY AND BRIDGET.



REMEDY, RINGWOOD AND RECKLESS.



MONA, CLINKER, MOUNTAIN AND JACKO.



BARRISTER, BRIDESMAID AND BARONET.



W. A. Rouch.

ON SEVERN SHORE.

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BOASTER.



BACHELOR.

foxhound bitch. The Blencathra have rare qualities of nose, tongue and perseverance, as well as staying power. Obligated in their own country to rely on themselves, they need as little assistance as a pack can; and indeed, with these as well as Welsh hounds, the huntsman needs to trust his hounds and to leave them alone. The Welsh packs I have seen seemed almost to resent interference, as though they could (as doubtless is often the case) kill their fox unassisted. But what has struck me in the Welsh or partly Welsh hounds is the way they hold to the line of their hunted fox and the perseverance with which they puzzle out a cold line and work up to their fox. Naturally, with hounds descended from Fell and Welsh packs, Major David Davies' hounds do not lack music. Look at the next group, Mona, Clinker and Mountain (not forgetting the terrier, Jacko, of which more anon). These hounds are pure Fell. Mountain is ten years old. There is no doubt that the Fell hounds last much longer than our South Country hounds—only an exceptional hound here and there (Belvoir Gambler, for instance) outlasts its sixth season or even survives so long as that. I have a friend, a most successful huntsman and Master, who would like never to have a hound over four seasons in his pack. No doubt such a pack may go faster: I doubt whether it would kill more foxes than a pack with a number of older hounds; but we should lose one of the pleasures of hunting to be found in watching the developed intelligence and methods of hunting of the older hounds. Amateur huntsmen will often find a huntsman's friend—the hound that puts the others right or tells us what to do at critical moments—among the maturer members of his pack.

A very promising young hound is Bachelor, the winner of the cup at Llandinaw Show. With him we may couple Boaster, also a winner of prizes and one a good deal used in other kennels. Both these hounds, Bachelor and Boaster, are by Mr. Currie's Bloater (a prize hound at the puppy show in his own kennel), with a grand pedigree going right back through Mr. John Williams' Four Burrow sorts to Lord Fitzhardinge's good stallion hound Nigel, which in his turn traced back to Badminton.

In the three hounds Barrister, Bridesmaid and Baronet we have the first cross English and Welsh. I have heard a good deal about this cross lately. Hounds from it have been tried both in England and Ireland, and there are Masters who say that one cannot beat hounds so bred in any part of a run; and of this cross, Galahad, by Ludlow Dexter out of Glory, is a fine example. This hound, now in his sixth season, is one of the best workers in a pack noted for

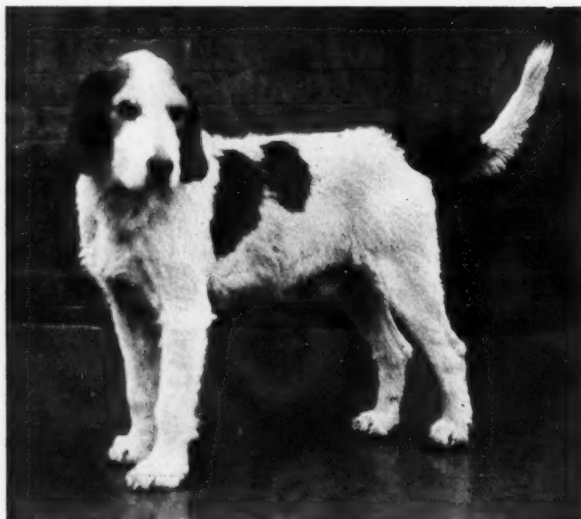
busy, hard-working hounds. He has a capital nose, a lovely tongue, and tremendous drive and resolution; and no wonder, for on the paternal side he goes back through three generations of Warwickshire to the famous Pytchley Prompter, one of the best hounds of his day.

Now we come to three couple of bitches, all with great characters. Remedy, Ringwood and Reckless (first cross from the Welsh) are bound to find a fox and never leave him while he is above ground; but when it comes to the end, am I wrong in suggesting that Beauty, Comely and Bridget are the three fox-catchers who will be found straining to the front to kill and break up their fox? I know that the Fell hounds will not always break up their foxes, and possibly Welsh hounds are not so keen for blood as some English hounds, although I used to hunt with a Berkshire pack which never would break up their foxes; it is certainly not necessary to the efficiency of a pack in the field that they should do this. The conclusion that I have come to is that the necessity of bleeding hounds is not universal.

The picture of the pack crossing the meadows of the Severn shows keen, active hounds, while the portrait of the Master shows the type of horse for the country, not too large, active, wiry and blood-like. Part of the country over which Major David Davies hunts is to be seen in the background, suggesting at once the sport to be looked for and the difficulties to be encountered which give it zest. Different countries require different types, and Major Davies' hounds, like the Fell hounds, are light coloured—a great advantage in a hill country, where they can be seen at a distance. They are lightly built hounds, since many huntsmen in rough countries and all who hunt the Fells or Wales prefer a rather small hound, say a little over 22ins., or, at all events, not over 23ins. being about the standard desired. Hare feet are the rule, and here again we find that huntsmen in rough, hilly countries prefer this type of foot to

the round cat foot which in our Southern vales we find the best for work. Like the Fell and the Welsh they are unrounded.

There is one important person we have not noticed; that is, Jacko, the terrier (The Chocolate Soldier is his registered name). This terrier reminds me strongly of a friend of my boyhood, which, like Jacko, ran with a pack of hounds. But this terrier of our picture had a tremendous but well deserved character from his friends and fellow sportsmen as one of the best terriers and workers with either fox or badger, and we can well believe it. The Welsh terrier is famous, but, judging from some pictures I have, the Welsh terrier better represents the old type of terrier seen with foxhounds than any other.



W. A. Rouch.

GALAHAD.

Copyright

MR. WELLS AND WHAT MIGHT BE

Washington and the Hope of Peace, by H. G. Wells. (Collins.)

THE chapters of this book were written at Washington, where Mr. H. G. Wells acted as the representative of a large syndicate of papers, chiefly American, though he started with at least one English journal in the list. They are very unlike the letters one usually expects to find in a daily paper. Mr. Wells has done them in his own characteristic style and not allowed any set plan to interfere with the flight of his thought in what direction it liked. The chapters or letters are held together by only a slight connection. They do not come like beads on a string, and yet there is one theme—the destiny of the human race—and several alternative endings. The first Mr. Wells we encounter is Wells the pessimist, who is without praise for anything or anybody. The world is floating steadily into bankruptcy and destruction. No one has the energy to initiate a really strong movement for its deliverance from the threatened fate. In fact, the world is like a dying man who will not take his own case seriously. He plays at idle games and excuses himself by the confidence that no harm will come out of this trouble as none has come out of troubles before. In a curious passage Mr. Wells admits that he himself has been subject to the same malady. When he landed at New York the “very attractive, glitteringly attractive, thundering, towering city,” he recognises it as doomed to suffer from the same “chill wind of economic disaster that has wrecked Petersburg.” Within his lifetime New York City may become “even more gaunt, ruinous, empty, and haunted” than the Russian capital. For all that, his mind would not concentrate on the task set to it. He found himself going off into visions of a holiday in Florida and the Everglades, and he read about Miami or Indian River. These were but a few of his distractions, and he considered that they were exaggerated in the chief figures at the Conference. They did not know that the countries of Europe are, without exception, beginning to move towards ruin, and that America, though, perhaps, feeling the conditions least at the moment, is bound in the end to follow. The world has brought into existence a vast amount of machinery. Many of those who used to work it are dead, and those who survive are poorer by far than the average. Every country is growing a little shabby and down-at-heel—signs of what will happen. They are all being choked with the same kind of belt. Its name is “war expense,” which they have to pay as national debt. Owing to this burden no one has the wherewith to buy, and, consequently, the machines, more and more of them every day, stand idle. The countries, instead of producing more wealth, are finishing the gigantic waste begun by the war. Mr. Wells says money is the root of it. He would, as we understand him, go round the nations and wipe out the national debt of each. War debts are not mentioned in the official proceedings of the Washington Conference, but “In the talks, discussions, and journalistic writings round and about the Washington Conference war debts are perpetually debated.” In private conversation and in the weekly and monthly publications he found:

... very general agreement that the bulk of the war debts and war preparation debts as between Russia and France and between the European Allies and Britain and between Britain and America, and the bulk of the indemnity and reparations debt from Germany to the Allies, cannot be paid and ought not to be paid, and the sooner this legend of indebtedness is swept out of men's imaginations the sooner we shall get on to the work of world reconstruction.

He considers that the British debt to America is the only one even remotely payable. In this connection it will be interesting to notice what happens in France when the Americans call in their money, because France has held out against the others upon the submarine question. In fact, it is the French determination to remain, after the war, a strictly military nation, perhaps the strongest military nation in Europe, with her strength both on land and sea to match that of her downfallen enemy, Germany.

His assumption is that the only effect would be that the various nations of the earth would have to pay less taxes. He does not go into the question very fully. Indeed, one would think he had the childish notion that a war debt is paid by an abstraction called the State. He does not take into account that the burden would fall upon the individuals of the community. They lent the Government money to carry on the war and received various securities from the Government. In fact, the whole of the war indebtedness is a loan from those inhabitants who had been able to lay by some of their money; but the State, as an abstraction, is a mere figment of the brain that has no existence. The State is the people, and in many cases the money lent to the Government forms the chief support of the lender, so that getting rid of national debts is neither

so easy nor so just as Mr. Wells appears to think. Nor, to speak frankly, do we feel greatly thrilled by the picture he draws of an earth ordered and peopled out of the imagination. He would improve transport and housing, and tells the Americans frankly that in Maryland and Virginia he was horrified at the “many miserable wood houses” and “by the extreme illiteracy of many of the poorer folk,” and several other things of the same kind. That is the world as it is which suddenly steps into the novelist's dream. He would have education extended and intensified and keep children longer at school.

It is pleasant reading if you can believe the dream possible of realisation within any commensurable period. It rests on the false assumption that money is wealth. It is only a token of wealth, and the token grows worthless as the goods it ought to represent more nearly approach to exhaustion. What is wanted just now is not relaxing and idle thought of this kind, but a stern determination on one's own part and all the urging that can be effectively applied to others that they should labour with their might to increase the wealth they had before and particularly the food supply of a world in which famine is already beginning to stalk. The picture may look contradictory, because food is already plentiful in many parts of the world, and in a great many there is nothing that can be called famine; but distress and stoppage of production must keep spreading unless mankind learns to work as hard as it did after the Napoleonic wars.

The position of Mr. Wells will be set out in the following quotation:

The number of fully educated and properly nurtured people in the world, people who can be said to have come reasonably near to realising their full birth possibilities, is almost infinitesimal. The rest of mankind are either physically or mentally stunted, or both. This insolvent, slovenly old world has begotten them, and starved them. Our lives, in strength, in realised capacity, in achievement and happiness are perhaps 20 per cent. or 30 per cent. of what they ought to be. But if only we could sweep aside these everlasting contentions, these hates and disputes that waste our earth, and get to work upon this educational proposition as a big business man gets to work upon a mineral deposit or the development of an invention, instead of a 20 per cent. result we might clamber on to an 80 per cent. or a 90 per cent. result in educated efficiency. I ask you to go through the crowded streets of a town and note the many under-grown and ill-grown, the undersized, the ill-behaved; to note the appeals to childish, prejudiced and misshapen minds in the shop windows, in the advertisements, in the newspaper headlines at the street corners, and then try to think of what might be there even now in the place of that street and that crowd.

He laments that the wealth and energy existed both for the mental and physical training of children, but “they have gone to burst shells and smash up the work of men.” What we have quoted is part of a fine wish. What we doubt is that Mr. Wells can suggest the means of realising it.

TWO FIRST NOVELS.

The Ashes of Achievement, by Frank A. Russell. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

“THE first novel is almost certain to be, whatever else it is, full of industry and solemnity and fire.” So wrote Mr. Chesterton when Mr. Fisher Unwin started his First Novel Library, and *The Ashes of Achievement* bears him out. Mr. Russell crams Australia, America and England into his book, as well as the war, all the arts and a host of characters; and his solemnity and fire reveal themselves at present in an irrepressible tendency to “uplift.” These things handicap his work pretty severely; but if he can supplement industry with the far harder task of selection, and persuade his fire to warm us rather more and to roar up the chimney rather less, he should do his gifts more justice. For there is observation, varied knowledge and a degree of psychological insight in the book, as well as a gift for natural dialogue and occasional evidences of a real feeling for the right word. As often happens, however, in fiction, the minor characters in the book are much more credible than the two heroes and the heroine on whom the author has expended his most anxious pains. There is one curious lapse of memory: Mrs. Lee, the mother of one of the heroes, is a totally different person during her son's boyhood from the Mrs. Lee who reappears in the book after he grows up.

The Black Circle, by Cuthbert Edward Baines. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d. net.)

The Black Circle is advertised on its paper jacket as “the story that won the Prize in Hodder and Stoughton's great first novel competition,” and, without doubt, it is a very readable novel, though in many places one sees evidences of the prentice hand. Unlike most young writers of the day, Mr. Baines has not launched himself upon a confused and probably unchartable sea of psychology, with violent storms of the sex lure as a variation. Instead we have the story of a mystery as it affected the inhabitants of our country in 1940. The base of most books of this class is attack and defence, and there has to be something worth defending; sometimes it is a beautiful damsel, sometimes the family honour; in this case, however, it is manure of so marvellous a character that with its aid England becomes largely a nation of small-holders and practically self-supporting. This mineral manure has been reclaimed from beneath the sea by a clever

scientist who, dying, leaves his discovery for the good of the nation and does not seek to make his own fortune or that of any band of profiteers. Of course, financiers are the enemies of the scheme, and it is with the doings of a band of these who call themselves the Black Circle that the hero and heroine and all the really good people have to contend. There are political intrigues with scamps for politicians, a financier rolling in millions who is a hopeless dyspeptic, an almost invisible lady detective, an old professor with a pretty, wicked young wife, a fighting parson with a meek and mild manner, and with these paradoxical people, a few thrown in whose exteriors and interiors more or less correspond, even if some of them are rather types than individuals.

BOOKS WORTH READING.

Last Days in New Guinea, by Captain C. A. W. Monckton, (John Lane, 18s.)
The Kingdom Round the Corner, by Coningsby Dawson. (Lane, 7s. 6d.)
The Council of Seven, by J. C. Snaith. (Collins, 7s. 6d.)

VERSE.

Little Poems from the Greek, translated by Walter Leaf. (Grant Richards, 5s.)
Oxford Poetry, 1921. (Basil Blackwell, 2s.)
In Time Like Glass, by W. J. Turner. (Sidgwick and Jackson, 5s.)

WILD ELEPHANTS AND THE CAMERA IN EAST EQUATORIAL AFRICA.—II

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY M. MAXWELL.

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THE illustrations of the Masai race of elephant (E. a. knockenhaueri) we see to-day, as well as those published last week and that are to follow, are so clear and striking as to speak for themselves, and Mr. Maxwell is to be congratulated on the success of his efforts to show wild African elephants to the great majority who cannot hope to see them for themselves. They are by far the best photographs of African elephant I have ever had the pleasure of seeing. The taking of them must have required a considerable amount of nerve. It is one thing to deal with these animals with a modern rifle, but quite another to deal with them with a camera. There is always something almost oppressively dominating about the presence of wild elephant in their native country, surrounded, as they generally are, by copious signs of their power in the shape of trees broken down or completely uprooted; there is also such an air of undisputed authority about them as they go sedately about their daily and nightly task of filling those capacious paunches. Rhino, buffalo or lion may be there, but everything must give way before elephant. Lion roars are greeted with complete indifference, as I have

witnessed. The presence of man alone, of all the animals, seems capable of arousing any kind of emotion in those calm and placid beasts. In ancient times, when man had much more primitive weapons, and elephant—in the shape of mammoth or mastodon—were even bigger than the present race, there was probably impressed on our savage ancestors a respect for, and fear of, these mighty vegetarians which, handed down through the generations, may possibly account for the instinctive awe with which the most hardened hunter still views these animals.

Perhaps, in the future Mr. Maxwell will show us large bull elephant, for no grander or more majestic animal now exists on our planet. Such bulls as I am thinking of would tower above those here depicted. They are not so easily found now, it is true, but they are very numerous still in the Bahr-el-Ghazal Province or in the Belgian Congo. When one is face to face with the bearer of huge tusks the anxiety of the moment is to secure them in a more tangible form than that of photography, as Mr. Maxwell seems to have found in picture!

Before making further comment, as I hope to do when the full selection of Mr. Maxwell's wonderful photographs of



1.—TWO BULL ELEPHANTS COMING INTO THE OPEN.



2.—A HERD OF COW ELEPHANTS, WITH THEIR YOUNG ONES, BROWSING AT THE EDGE OF THE FOREST.



3.—FOUR YOUNG ELEPHANTS BREAKING A TREE. A FIFTH, HAVING SEEN THE PHOTOGRAPHER, IS RETREATING INTO THE BUSH.



4.—EARLY DAWN. A HERD OF FORTY OR FIFTY ELEPHANTS GATHERED TOGETHER BEFORE RETIRING INTO THE SHADE.



5.—IN OPEN SCRUB COUNTRY. STANDING STOCK STILL TO CATCH THE SLIGHTEST SOUND.



6.—IN THE THORN BUSH.



7.—UNAWARE OF A STRANGER'S PRESENCE.

Masai elephants is published, let me not interrupt his description of the illustrations which appear to-day. W. D. M. BELL.

The open forest clearings serve as the elephants' feeding ground from sundown to sunrise. They can be seen wandering about and feeding on the leaves of the thorn trees or browsing on the vegetation along the fringe of the forest surrounding their isolated clearings.

Fig. 1 shows two bull elephants walking majestically out of the dense bush into the open scrub country; truly a grand sight. Fig. 2 shows a detached herd of cow elephants and their calves browsing on the edges of the forest towards evening. Fig. 3 shows four elephants (young bulls, presumably) surprised by the author in the act of pulling down a fair sized thorn tree so as to get at the young foliage. Note the pair on the left of the tree; both appear startled at the unusual interruption, looking for all the world like a guilty pair of school

boys caught red-handed at something they should not do. A fifth elephant has detected the presence of the camera earlier and is seen making off towards the forest.

Fig. 4 shows the gathering of the herd at dawn, shortly before retiring into the forest. The densely packed mass of elephants, some forty or fifty in number, can be dimly seen at a distance among the tropical vegetation. The light was hardly sufficient for an exposure even with the most rapid of modern lenses.

Figs. 5, 6, 7 and 8 are pictures taken in open scrub country of single elephants that have strayed from the main herd. It is on rare occasions only that elephants happen to be still out in the clearings after sunrise, and this is particularly the case where they have been in any way disturbed. Being essentially nocturnal animals, they usually retire into the dense bush or forest at the first streak of dawn, keeping away from the strong light and tropical sun until the evening hours begin.

M. MAXWELL.



8.—WANDERING IN THE OPEN.



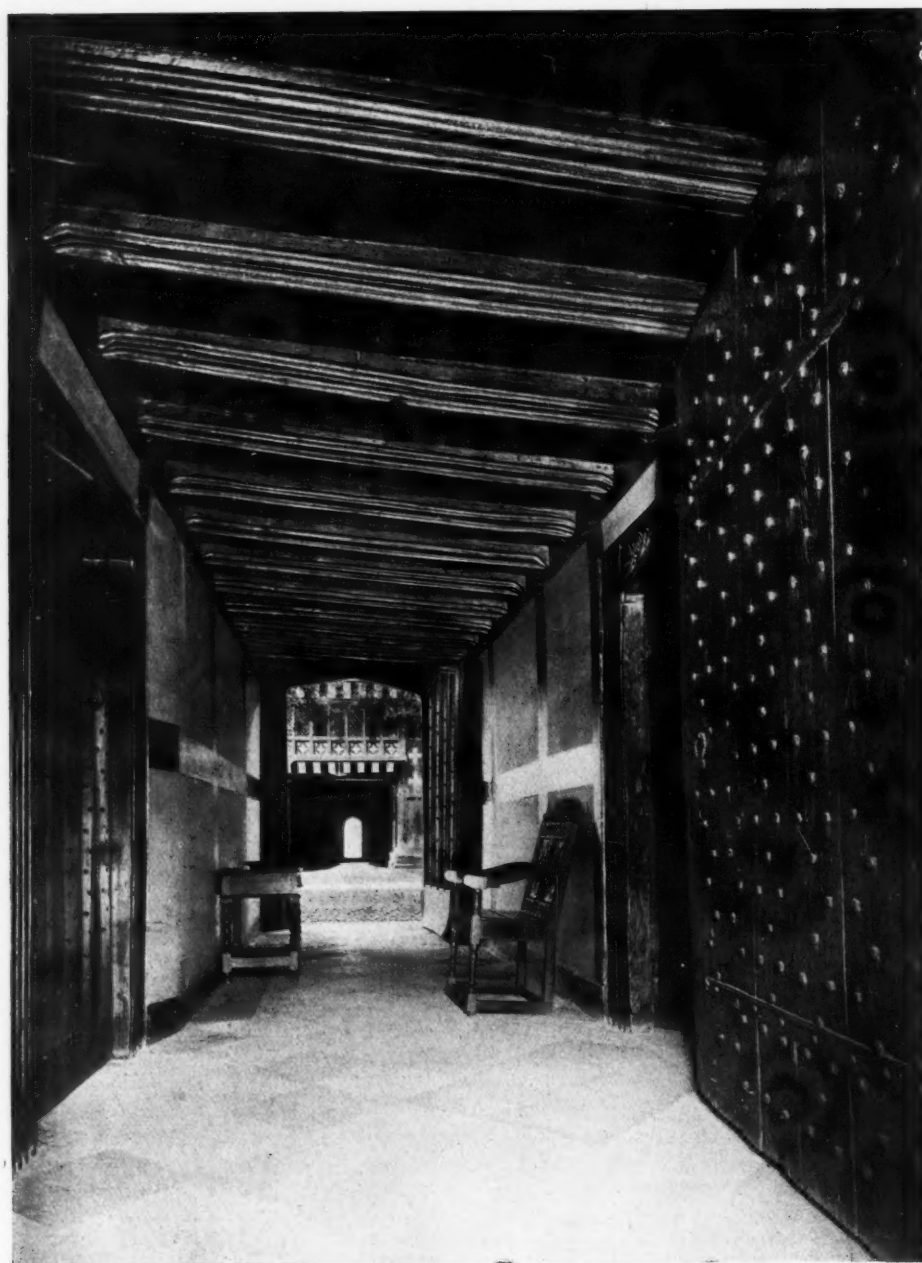
THE Elizabethan gentleman took a very considerable interest in his lineage and very frequently produced a "petigree" in which his descent from Æneas or King Arthur was indubitably traced. Indeed, "coming over with Æneas" to Rome figured as large at that time as coming over with William the Conqueror does to-day in the eyes of persons of short pedigree. The achievement, after all, was not very difficult, for it merely consisted, as it were, in striking some main line at the nearest junction and getting into a non-stop lineage by a left-handed marriage, provided that were far enough removed in point of time for the shame of illegitimacy to have worn off.

Sir William Norris, who died in 1563, was no exception, and produced a "Genealogical Declaration" which, since he was of no upstart birth, was comparatively truthful and left the nine Worthies irresponsible for his production. He, or his son, also set up in the new stucco parlour, above the fireplace, a great panel in which his immediate relatives, the three builders of the house, were all portrayed. Above it is a legend explanatory, which runs as follows: "Henry Norris who married | one of the X daughters and heirs of Sir James Harrington, who had | by her | William Norris, Thomas, Anne, Clemens and Jane Norris. | William | Norris | two wives Ellen daughter of Rowland Buckley Esq and after married one of the daughters and heirs of David Middleton alderman of Chester and by | these two he had | nineteen children. | This bringeth us to Edward the 3rd son and heir of the latter who after the Death of William | and his | two brethren married Margaret daughter of Robert Smallwood Esq."

It seems probable from the concluding sentence that this was erected by Edward, though in 1567 he is known to have had six children, while in the panel—the right-hand one—he is shown with only two. The date seems, therefore, to be fairly definitely 1563 or early in 1564. Edward's being able to add this finishing touch to the parlour confirms us in our opinion, last week expressed, that most of the north wing was built by Sir William.

Though the standard of this piece of work (Fig. 7) is not so high as we shall later see in the hall, it is none the less fascinating to contemplate, for the carver has contrived to impart to his figures a jollity and historical accuracy of dress most unusual. Look at Henry Norris on the left; he is just going to kiss his wife, who has her cheek ready for his beaming face. He has one arm round her waist, and with the other he holds her right hand. The children below, though, by their size, of tender years, are yet perfect little ladies and gentlemen. Henry, you will see, wears the long surcoat and small round cap which was the fashion in Henry VII's time.

The centre panel is devoted to Sir William. He sits behind a broad table garnished with a fringed cloth, and with half closed eyes and a wistful smile—as of those who think of other days—regards the cornice of the opposite wall, receiving the converging stare of his two wives seated to left and right of him. All three have Good



Copyright. THE HALL PASSAGE, LOOKING ACROSS THE COURTYARD.

"C.L."



Copyright.

2.—THE NORTH END OF THE HALL.
The panelling, probably Flemish. Circa 1530.

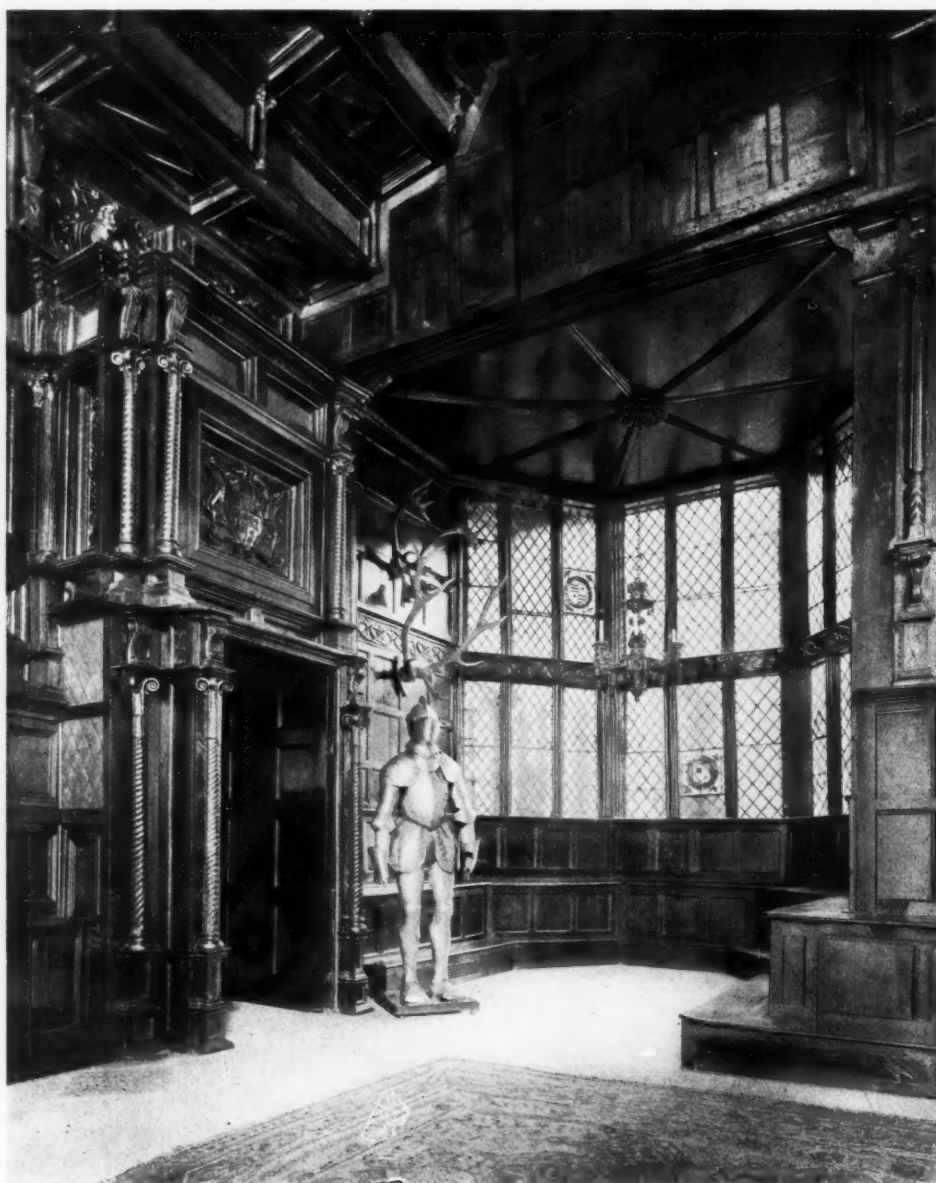
'COUNTRY LIFE.'



Copyright.

3.—THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

4.—THE HALL BAY AND THE INTERIOR PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Books set before them, but, it would appear, they are done with for the day. The lady on his right hand is Ellen Buckeley of Beaumaris, and she toys with a Rosary, perhaps to show that she is dead. The daughter and co-heir of David Middleton does nothing but regard her husband. The effect is exactly that of the song, "How happy could I be with either"—of which proposition it is indeed the proof.

Below the paternal board there is a busy scene. The two eldest sons have had words. The elder, standing before his six sisters, who gaze mutely in admiration of his courage, has his hand on his sword and a look of grim determination. We know he is the eldest by his having a larger beard than his brother whom he addresses. This second brother is not half so amiable; he is rather hoity-toity and, his head drawn back and his right hand "playing with some rich jewel," he looks "a fashionable gentleman and peaceful." He is warning his brother, in drawling accents, not to be a silly ass—for he has not the ghost of a chance. This is indeed true, for the plain behind him is filled with the eleven other brothers, of whom seven, as a reserve in the background, have turned out armed *cap-à-pie*. We do not know the end of this painful affair, and it is even possible we have misinterpreted its significance. All we know is that both the big fellows died before their father, the elder, also William, giving his life at Pinkie in the charge on the Scottish pikemen.

The right-hand panel—of Edward Norris—is of a subject more mystical. The dress has changed to the short cloak and feather-decked cap of the 'sixties. Edward looks more glum than any of his relatives—possibly because his wife, an imaginative little body who carries a book chained to her waist, is up to another of her silly comedies, and is this time presenting him with a cup, intended, we do not doubt, to be that of Happiness. A son and daughter—a son, by the way, who turned out very badly—fill half the space below in a family bicker, while the other half is occupied by a terrestrial globe upon which is the likeness of a dove.

A curious *memento mori* is worked into the ornament that divides the left hand from the centre panel; an old man, stark naked as when he came into the world, rests his arm

uncomfortably upon a skull and, with pensive brow, contemplates an *os humerus*, waving the while his left leg in the air.

The excellent stone fireplace which this panel surmounts has, unfortunately, been painted over, but the rest of the room has been miraculously preserved, seeing that it became a

—forms a transitional stage between the early English Renaissance, when the artist revelled in the freedom of natural line, and the period known as Jacobean, which begins about 1580, when that convention called "strapwork" appeared and checked the Elizabethan exuberance. Elizabethan taste was—though it



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5.—THE HALL CHIMNEYPIECE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Built circa 1560. An Elizabethan attempt at Baronial Gothic.

shippon or, more refinedly, a cowshed, during the eighteenth century, the panelling, which may, perhaps, be of somewhat later date than the ceiling, having, fortunately, been boarded up. The ceiling is, perhaps, the chief attraction of the room, and is well shown in Fig. 9. The work of that date—1560-65

may be heresy to say so—at times intolerably fussy and busy and finicky; very quaint, I admit—but not beautiful. This ceiling has still much of the simplicity which is found from 1540 to 1560, and, though we may observe a tendency to get lost in detail, the bold curving stems in each panel issuing out

of a little strapwork cartouche—which in a few years was to overspread whole ceilings—give unity and grace to the work. It is, too, of superlative workmanship, for the date; the flowers in the bottom right-hand corner, the roses in the centre, and the hops on the transverse beams are all cleanly and delicately wrought. We may observe the idea of pendants—later carried to excess—in the bunches of grapes and pomegranates that seem to hang on their stems.

It is now high time to turn our attention to the great hall. Last week we decided that it had been rebuilt as a plain rectangular hall by Sir William's father or grandfather. Sir William, however, seems to have used the hall more as a living-room than his predecessors, and to have required two bay windows and a larger fireplace with ingle-nooks. It is, indeed, possible, though not probable, that there was formerly no fireplace at all. There could not have been a centre hearth because there is a flat ceiling, nor is there any trace in the roof above of its ever being otherwise. The western bay, however, of Sir William's additions has a fireplace to itself, but with such a huge stone chimney outside that I cannot help thinking it is the remains of the great

that the fireplace was also built about 1560. The court bay, where the vine trail appears less well executed, may be set down as earlier work—perhaps 1530—for a reason we will explain as soon as possible. The western, or external bay, however, will have been contemporary with the building of the fireplace, if, as we supposed, its erection involved the destruction of the existing one. What on earth Sir William was thinking of when he built the plaster upper works of this chimneypiece it is difficult to imagine; the suggestion of inspiration prophetic of a Victorian baronial hall may be dismissed as absurd, though there is some likeness. He did, however, set his initials, W. N., on the bases of two of the pendent things above the battlements. We may also recognise the quatrefoil ornament, so familiar in the panelling of the exterior. The great fireplace not only upset the service arrangements by closing one of the screen doors, which, as usual, gave on to the hall passage (Fig. 1) with its good Early Tudor roof, but it also bisected the minstrels' gallery and, of course, obscured a considerable portion of the ceiling. The remains of the minstrels' gallery is seen in Fig. 5 to the right of the fireplace, supported by a



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6.—THE DAIS END OF THE HALL, SHOWING THE WESTERN BAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

hall chimney, the fireplace of which would then have been, as at Rufford, close up to the edge of the dais, but was destroyed in throwing out the bay. Be that as it may, Sir William built an enormous new fireplace, of a most unusual design (Fig. 5). It is almost certain that he copied, both in design and position—namely, at one side of the "screen"—a brick fireplace built by one of the Hollands at Denton Hall, near Chester, probably about 1530, which Sir William used to know when he resided at Blacon near by—his subsidiary mansion. Denton is an open roofed hall, so such an erection looks there less incongruous. The Speke fireplace, however, far surpasses Denton, for, to begin with, it has a magnificent mantle-beam, black as ebony, carved with vine trails between cable work. The vine pattern reappears in the detail of the courtyard bay (Fig. 4), but there it is of inferior workmanship and lacks the cable, which, indeed, only appears again on the oriel windows—if we may so call them—at either end of the north wing; this, as we explained last week, was one of our reasons for assigning that wing to Sir William. As that wing was, fairly certainly, unfinished at his death, and would seem to have some connection in point of time with the hall fireplace, we may suggest

spandrel-shaped corbel and a thinly ribbed cove. The plate beam of the gallery and the base of the cove are both ornamented with a label course, similar to that under the eave-cove on the courtyard front, which we know to be of the earlier rebuilding. Sir William disliked being overlooked at his victuals by the *jongleurs*, so, in the fashion of his time, made the gallery as a kind of box, with a little door in it to be opened when he wanted what the dramatists called "loud music"; but you cannot see it, as it is just out of the picture in Fig. 5. The table shown in Fig. 6, which, as usual, is only ornamented on one side and should, therefore, stand against a wall, is dated 1647—a somewhat uncommon period, owing to its disturbance—and presents a jumble of classic ornament on its side—acanthus leaves, cartouches, egg and tongue and cherubim, with strapwork at each end and plain baluster legs of pleasing proportions. The combination with such good classic work is, however, rare.

We must now discuss the dais end of the hall, the panelling and canopy that are placed there being, perhaps, the chief feature of antiquarian interest at Speke. We will, therefore, pause a moment and relapse into family history. Henry Norris, father of Sir William, fought at Flodden field in 1513 in his family



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7.—OVERMANTEL IN THE PARLOUR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Showing the history of the Norris family. Executed circa 1565.

liege lord's company—Sir William Molyneux'. Sir William Norris went north in 1544 under the Earl of Hertford and was present at the sack of Edinburgh, whence he is known to have brought back certain spoil—in the shape of a dozen of learned books, in each of which he "writ with his owne hand that this boke was gotten by me when Edin Borow was wone, the viii daye of Maye" 1544. He was, we may add, present at Pinkie three years later, when he lost his eldest son, but captured the pennon, or gwyddon, of David Boswell of Balmuto, who is

known to have been killed there, though the present whereabouts of the banner, sold with the books (now at Liverpool Athenæum) and the other Speke furniture in 1797, are not known.

Now, the story, prevalent all through last century, was that this panelling was brought by *Henry Norris*, who was killed at *Flodden*, from Holyrood. That is the county historian Seacome's assertion, who was the first to print it, in 1767. He doubtless had it from the farm people who for the previous



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8.—THE STUCCO PARLOUR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The ceiling a good example of early Elizabethan plasterwork,



Copyright. 9.—DETAIL OF CEILING. "COUNTRY LIFE."
Panels of vine, roses, pomegranates, etc. Hops on the beams.

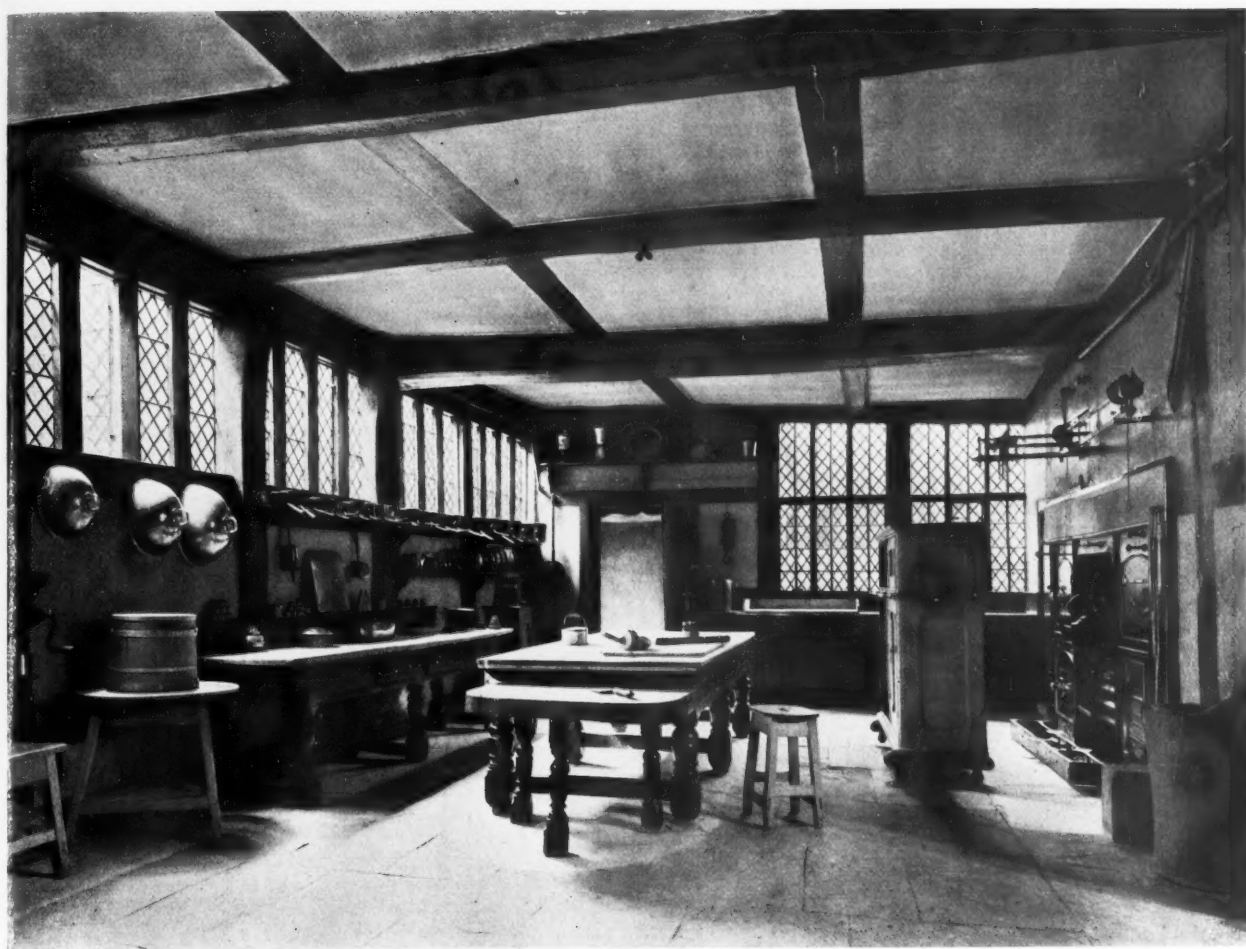


Copyright 10.—A CORNER OF THE KITCHEN. "C.L."
The window, possibly fifteenth century, not later than 1530.

thirty years had occupied the house. You yourself have spotted, assisted by my italics, the errors; Henry Norris was not killed at Flodden. If he was, how could he have brought back such a quantity of paneling; and even if he was not, how did he, alone of the whole expedition—which was a hastily collected defensive force operating south of the Border—get to Edinburgh? Let us suppose, however, that the historian meant Sir William Norris, and had his son in his mind, who really was killed, but at Pinkie. There is at least a possibility that Sir William brought it from thence. In support of such a proposition, the work is obviously foreign—Northern French, and France was then in close alliance with the Scots. It was not made for the area it covers, because the columns at each end are local imitations of the others, and the space between the canopy and the ceiling is filled up with quatrefoil panels, as on the fireplace. The figures in the medallions (Fig. 6) have the leg-of-mutton sleeves and broad tabard of the years 1525–35. Against the Holyrood story we have only probability, and an article by Mr. Winstanley in the Cheshire and Lancashire Archaeological Society's volume for 1918, which I have gratefully used, though not agreed always with. Sir William, as we have seen, was very careful to record the fact that the books came from Edinburgh, but there is absolutely no authority from him that this much more important piece of spoil had the same origin. If it had, we may be certain that the small panels above and below the medallions would not merely have contained something about not letting "the sun go down on thy wrath." Besides, about 1530 Sir William was knighted, presumably for some service which would most likely have taken him more than once to London. At about the same date, too, he married a rich Chester merchant's daughter—Miss Middleton—and the arms above the doorway, set in the interior porch, popular during the middle of the century, are those of Norris and Middleton. If we knew for certain that the panels did not come from Holyrood, we should say they were of Flemish work, for the medallion was a favourite ornament there. It is therefore open to consideration that Sir William merely bought the panels some time about 1530, at which date the court bay was probably built while alterations were in progress. Whatever its origin, this is a remarkable piece of work, though, perhaps, a little out of place. The huge projecting cornice is the derivative of the canopy originally placed above the dais to keep off the draughts that whistled among the tie beams and king posts of a big open-roofed hall. By the beginning of the sixteenth century, however, the adoption of chimneys and solid screens, in place of a louvre and pierced or even less opaque screens, had to some extent eliminated really dangerous draughts, and the canopy had disappeared or shrunk into a mere cornice. There is no sign of one, for instance, in Christ Church Hall at Oxford, where Wolsey would, beyond a doubt, have placed one had it been the vogue.

We mentioned, further back, the west bay (seen in Fig. 6) which has a fireplace of its own. This is curious, but not unique in Lancashire. One might suggest that Sir William or his lady would use that bay either to sit in during the daytime or to collect the rents at Michaelmas, when the hall would be full of tenants and intolerable draughts as they came and went, never shutting the door. The family may even have had their meals in it when they were comparatively alone—for there were nineteen children—instead of upon the long upper table. During the sixteenth century we may observe the transition of the state hall, by way of (save the mark!) a lounge, where all were welcome even if not quite expected, into a mere state room, where servants were never seen, so to speak, after the breakfast gong. Not that there was any dearth of sitting accommodation. There was, in addition to the parlour, a solar behind the minstrels' gallery, with a ceiling very much like the hall, though at present somewhat dilapidated.

Fig. 10 shows a corner of the kitchen, with a window—of very late fifteenth century style—which may possibly be anterior to Henry Norris's rebuilding of the south wing, in which it is situated. Observe the fantastic spits hanging upon the wall; contemplate the instruments used in days now past in that



11.—THE KITCHEN (1530) AND THE KITCHEN TABLES (SEVENTEENTH CENTURY).

palate-science of which Montaigne's cook discoursed "with such settled countenance and magisterial gravity, as if he had been handling some profound point of divinity." There is an object in the courtyard, seen in Fig. 10 of last week's article, which I cannot doubt to be a *piscina* displaced from the chapel when it became a servants' hall. There is the faintest trace of the initials E. N. on the front of it, which confirms our opinion of its use, seeing that Edward built the chapel and the bridge, the ornaments of which it so closely resembles. Edward Norris, though a recusant, seems to have given little trouble and to have received less from a sympathetic neighbourhood. His son, however, was ambitious. Somewhat early in life he was knighted by James I at his coronation. Perhaps to sustain the honour he plunged into a thriftless manner of living, which alienated his sons' and his neighbours' sympathies. In 1625 he was fined by the Star Chamber for "assisting the kings enemies in flanders with arms and money"; he quarrelled with his son William over selling Blacon, which was the habitual residence of the heir to Speke, but on which Sir William wished to raise a mortgage. In 1628 we find him a "convicted recusant paying

double taxes," and, worn out, he died in 1630. His son William was also a Papist and took little part in the Civil Wars, and died in 1651 without heirs, his brother Thomas succeeding, who, however, was fined £508 "for adhering to the forces of the Crown." He died 1686. Then the miracle happened. His son Thomas turned Protestant and Whig and was returned to Parliament for Liverpool in William III's first Parliament. As we saw last week, he left an only daughter, who married Lord Sidney Beauclerc in 1736, a notable rake, and their descendants sold the property in 1797 to Mr. Watt. His descendant, Miss Adelaide Watt, died in August, 1921, and left the property in trust for a term of twenty-one years, at the expiration of which her nephew, Richard Hewson, if living, becomes tenant for life, and at his death the estate reverts to Thomas Pilkington Norris, son of another Edward Norris, with remainder to his children, or cousins. Thus, under her will Norrises once more, after an interval of 124 years, return to the ancient home of their family, and three of their name were appointed under the will to administer the trust. Thus, even nowadays the romantic can sometimes come to pass.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

THE STRANGLEHOLD ON THE LANDOWNER

By ALFRED J. BURROWS, F.S.I.

RECENT letters to the Press from estate owners, and a statement which has been prepared by the Central Landowners' Association, emphasise the gross injustice and inequality that exists in the taxation of land as compared with other property. The fact has long been admitted, but the actual effect was not so severely felt until income tax and supertax reached their present height.

Lord Clinton, in a recent letter to the *Morning Post*, cites the figures for 1920 of ten typical agricultural estates, with a total area of 16,768 acres, and a gross rent roll of £20,381. Tithes, land tax, repairs, management, insurance and other compulsory charges amounted to £11,985, leaving a balance of £8,396. The income tax and supertax on this came to £5,652 (less certain abatements) equivalent to an average of no less than 13s. 5d. in the pound.

Now, what would have been the position if the £8,396, the return from the ten estates before payment of taxes, had been derived not from land, but from Government Stock?

The average return from each estate is about £840 a year, and in an average case the tax on this income, when arising from other investments, is at the rate of 3s. in the pound—instead of at a rate which on land amounts in effect to over 13s. in the pound.

Lord Denbigh has also given the figures for his Newnham Paddox estate of 5,000 acres in Warwickshire, from which the return (before taxation) is £2,395 a year; in respect of this, tax and supertax were levied to the amount of 18s. 8d. in the pound—instead of at 5s., which would have been the rate in the pound upon the same return from other sources. The Duke of Buccleuch's published returns show that 19s. 7d. in the

pound is extorted from him for tax and supertax. The most glaring case of all that have been made public is that of the Duke of Bedford's Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire estate of 16,600 acres. A gross annual rental of over £23,000 is reduced by maintenance expenses and outgoings to £1,105, in respect of which no less than £3,623 was levied in income tax and supertax, equal to 65s. 6d. in the pound, and this in spite of the fact that all possible repayments and abatements had been secured. The figures are certified by an eminent firm of chartered accountants, and appear to be unassailable. It should be added that all the accounts quoted above are for the year 1920, and all expenditure of a personal character, such as the maintenance of house, gardens or shootings is excluded.

Sir Walter Gilbey, too, has presented in another and very graphic way the figures relating to his property, vouched by a first-rate accountant. An average rent of 28s. per acre is received from all the lettings. The charges, spread over the whole acreage, work out at 25s. an acre. Besides this a further 7s. an acre has to be reckoned for what Sir Walter very appropriately terms "the essential and paramount disbursements of a landlord on behalf of his poorer neighbours." The net result is thus an actual loss of 4s. per acre over the whole estate.

The reason of these gross anomalies is the fictitious and archaic basis of the assessments on which taxes on land are levied.

In the case of farms, an allowance of one-eighth, and in the case of houses one-sixth, is made from the gross rent to cover cost of repairs and maintenance. Careful returns from a number of agricultural estates have shown that these items now amount to something like 36 per cent. of the rent. It is true that repayment of some part of the difference (that due to repairs) may be claimed; but why should the unhappy taxpayer be compelled in the first instance to pay upon a fictitious assessment, and be left to the difficult and tardy process of recovering the excess payment from a Government Department? It can but be generally admitted that an owner of land should pay taxes upon the same basis as an owner of stocks or shares, or any other investment, namely, upon the net return.

The greatly increased Death Duties fall very heavily upon landed property as compared with other investments. For example, in the case of an estate of the capital value of £350,000, the estate duty is about £81,000, whether the property consists of land or stocks. But, after making provision for the interest

on the £81,000 and meeting the heavy maintenance charges, the landed property in average cases will show an annual deficiency of about £280, while the more fortunate owner of shares will still be enjoying about £4,350 a year. Lord Clinton is thus fully justified when he says that the severity of the present scales "means the disappearance of the estate in its original form in two or three generations at the most."

The inequality of local rating is equally obvious, and is graphically shown by a hypothetical case. A professional man in a country town makes an income of £750 a year, and lives in a house assessed at £75 a year, and pays rates based on that assessment. A farmer occupies a neighbouring farm of 500 acres, from which he earns an income of £750 a year. The farm is assessed at 30s. an acre, or £750 a year, and he is rated (subject to a reduction under the Agricultural Rates Act) on that basis, or ten times more than the professional man close by. Figures could also be given to illustrate and prove many other anomalies, such as the taxation and rating of agricultural cottages and woodlands.

What are the consequences of all this crying injustice and inequality? For some years the process of the enforced breaking up and sale of ancestral estates has been going on all over the country. That may, or may not, be a good thing. But, although it is the large landowner who has suffered most acutely, the now very numerous owner-occupiers, large or small, must also be seriously affected. Interest on borrowed money, and the unfair burden of taxation and rating coupled with the slump in prices of agricultural produce must soon bring many of them into financial difficulties.

The ordinary owner, unless he is blessed with other sources of income, can only hold on with difficulty. There can be no expenditure by him, or by the owner-occupier, on the permanent improvements so essential for modern agriculture. The consequence is that agricultural progress and increased food production are hampered, and unemployment increases.

Neither landowners nor farmers want to shirk their fair share of the national burdens; but they do say that the present incidence of both taxation and rating inflicts upon them a grave injustice, which calls for immediate legislative remedy. The investor in stocks or shares, the professional man, merchant or tradesman is taxed upon his net return, and the agricultural interest presents an incontrovertible case for exactly similar treatment.

THE LAST OF THE RUGBY TRIALS

THE Rugby International trials were brought to a close last Saturday when England beat the Rest by 24 points to 8. Although these matches have shown that there are plenty of capable reserves, it is doubtful if there will be many changes in the team that was so successful last season. The England XV beat the teams opposed to it on each occasion quite comfortably, but in all three trial matches tries were scored against the National side which may indicate some weakness in defence.

This season has been more than usually productive of casualties among leading players; illness and accidents have kept several of the English team off the field for some time. Happily, C. N. Lowe has quite recovered from his dislocated shoulder and, in spite of his long rest, was playing better than ever last Saturday. The English captain, W. J. A. Davies, watched the match from the touch-line, but it is hoped that he will be fit to play against Wales; his absence would make a serious difference to the chances of success.

As if there had not been misfortunes enough already, L. G. Brown, who made such a wonderful "come back" last year, could not play in the final trial as he was down with an attack of influenza. Knapman, probably the best scrum-worker in England after Kershaw, was also unable to play, and his absence from the Rest XV lessened very considerably any chance of winning that they had. Finally, in the first few minutes of the game, Smallwood was badly hurt and had to leave the field—it is doubtful if he will be well in time for the Welsh match.

Like many another "dress rehearsal," the final trial was not the occasion for a high standard of football; it is to be hoped—as usual—that it will be "all right on the night." The passing on both sides was inaccurate and, at times, wild; there was too much kicking to touch, and there were obvious weak spots in the defence. The English forwards were very good: they generally got the ball in the scrummages, they moved hard and brought off some fine combined rushes; the one fault to be found with them is a tendency to kick too hard. Kershaw, at the base of the scrum, was at his best. V. G. Davies, who took the place of his namesake as stand-off half-back, was brilliant at times and combined well with Kershaw, who is not the easiest person to fit in with as a rule.

After Smallwood's accident his place was taken by T. Lawton, who had a large share in Oxford's defeat of Cambridge, but was obviously out of place on the wing.

Corbett, at right centre three-quarter, was a fair substitute for Myers—another casualty! Hammett was only moderate, and if any changes are made in the outsiders, apart from illness, he is the most likely player to be replaced.

Cumberlege kicked well, but his tackling was very poor, and it is only the absence of any really first-class full-backs in the country at present that will enable him to retain his place—if he does.

On the Rest side David added to the reputation he made in the University match and, though he made some mistakes, was sound in attack and defence and is the most likely centre to be brought in *vice* Myers (if unfit) or Hammett. M. S. Bradby, of the United Services, made a brilliant *début*; his passes were erratic, but he was very quickly in his stride and cut through cleverly more than once. S. G. U. Cosindine shared the honours with Davies at stand-off half-back. If a substitute has to be found for this position, it will be a near thing between these two; Davies would probably be chosen on account of his experience in playing with Kershaw. The Rest forwards put up a gallant fight against their opponents, but did not combine so well and packed very badly in the tight scrummages. Robson, Duncan and Stokes, who came into the team at the last moment, struck me as the best of them. None of the English forwards is likely to be dropped, however, and Tucker, who took the place of Brown, will probably be retained if the latter is still unfit.

The finest try of the match was scored by Lowe; it is doubtful if there is another player in England who could have scored in similar circumstances. The ball passed right along the line *via* Kershaw, Davies, Hammett and Corbett to Lowe, who darted for the goal-line at a great pace. On reaching the back he deceived him very cleverly into thinking that he was "all out"; then, just when Middleton thought he had got him and was about to tackle, Lowe put on a little extra spurt and was past him and away with a clear run to the line.

If Smallwood is, unfortunately, unable to play against Wales, his place will probably be offered to H. L. V. Day, who is an old International and played extremely well in the first trial match. Day's proper place is on the right wing, but, even so, he would have stronger claims to be played on the left than anyone else.

If the English captain plays, England should again beat Wales and, if Smallwood also is fit, they should win easily.

LEONARD R. TOSSWILL.

A NEW AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENTAL STATION

By E. J. RUSSELL, D.Sc., F.R.S., DIRECTOR OF THE ROTHAMSTED EXPERIMENTAL STATION.

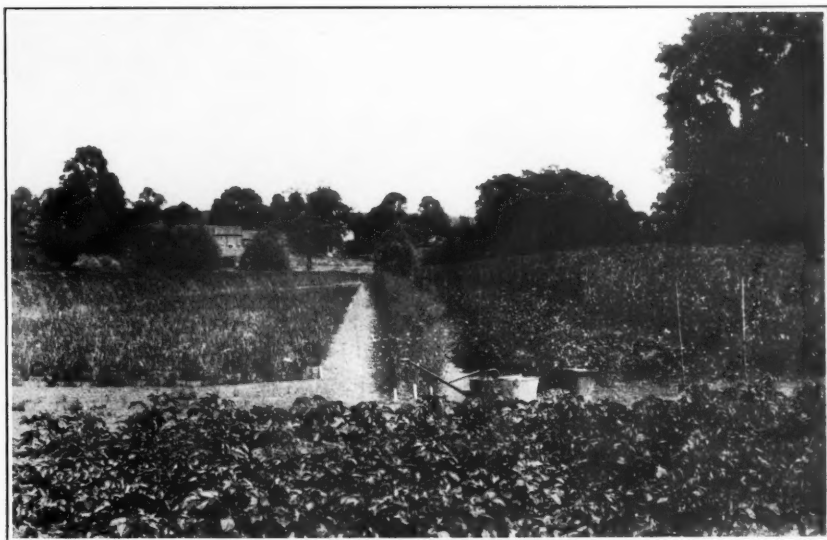
THERE have been many farmers and landowners in this country who have carried out experiments for the improvement of agriculture; indeed, the whole of our pedigree livestock industry has been built up in this way. Many of the experimenters made their trials in the haphazard fashion that is supposed to be peculiarly British, somehow arriving at the result without any clear conception how they did it. In some few cases, however, the experiments were carried out in so systematic and orderly a fashion that they rank deservedly with good scientific work, and they have continued to afford valuable help to agriculturists long after their originator was dead. The most conspicuous example is furnished by Lawes at Rothamsted, who started as a country squire to make experiments with a view of obtaining information as to soil fertility, and carried them out so thoroughly and systematically that they have become classic material for hundreds of investigators throughout the civilised world, and they are now engaging the attention at Rothamsted of a staff far larger than was ever assembled there in Lawes' time.

The historian of rural affairs will some day find it necessary to explain the curious fact that the nineteenth century landowner, in spite of his relative affluence, showed singularly little interest in scientific agriculture. No one followed Lawes' example in his day, and although there was no lack of public-spirited enterprise in other directions, and much useful work in the way of dairying was done by Sir Richard Paget, and in cider-making by Mr. Neville Grenville (other names might also be mentioned), there was nothing to rank with the achievement of Lawes himself.

The new agricultural experiment station started by the Olympia Agricultural Company, under the chairmanship of Mr. Joseph Watson, is founded on such generous lines that it may well prove to have a profound effect on British agriculture. The station itself is at Offchurch, near Leamington, and it appears to be well placed for its purpose. The Director, Professor C. Crowther, is widely known for his careful investigations at Leeds of various problems associated with animal nutrition. He has gathered round him an excellent staff: Messrs. C. T. Gimingham, a recognised expert on soil problems; H. Hunter, who did some good plant breeding in Ireland; F. H. Billington, E. Paul, R. H. Carter, and others. What is also important, the station has free access to six large estates, aggregating over 9,000 acres, situated in different parts of the country. It is this that constitutes its distinguishing feature; no other institution in the country, not even

Rothamsted itself, can command such extensive facilities for the exact duplication of work over a period of years; yet in no other way can the full effects of varying soil and climate be studied.

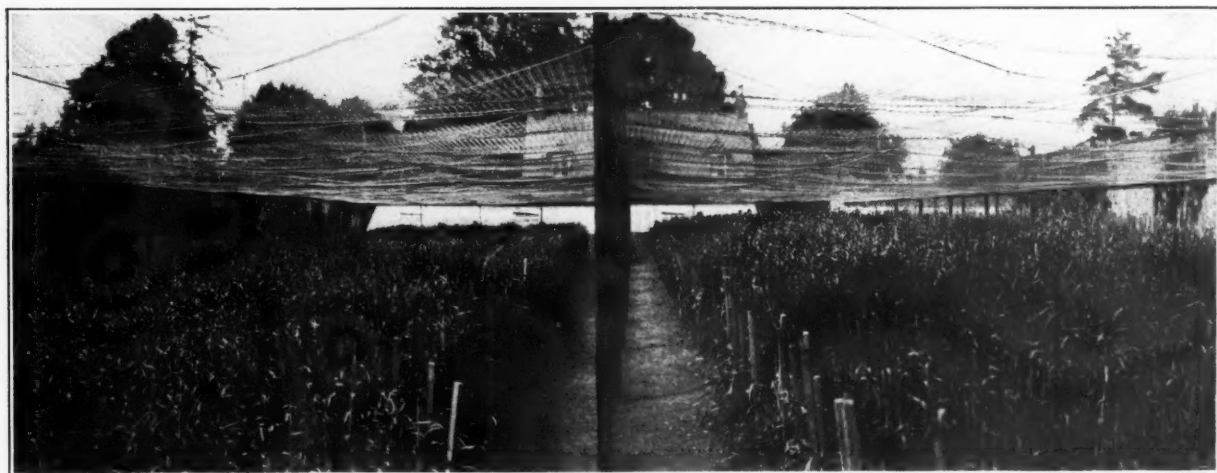
The first report has just been issued and is on the same generous lines as the station itself; further, it is freely dis-



RESEARCH GARDEN.

tributed to farmers and others applying for it. No one, of course, will expect results in a first report, and Dr. Crowther is far too shrewd a critic to make any pretence on the subject. The report shows, however, the lines on which experiments are projected, and it is evident that they are sound. A description of the soils is given and numerous analyses of four varieties of oats grown at four centres. The plant breeding work has commenced, suitable parents being grown under carefully controlled conditions and protected from attacks by birds. The plants under investigation include barley, oats, wheat, field beans, flax, Italian rye grass, red clover and potatoes. It is evident that Mr. Hunter is providing for no idle time. Some interesting manurial tests are also started. The cattle-feeding trials are designed to give information which the farmer needs, but cannot obtain from current scientific knowledge. Among the questions to be answered are—the effect of reducing the ration of mangolds and replacing cake by tail corn; the comparative feeding values of meadow hay, oat straw and wheat straw when fed in quantities proportional to their respective market prices; and the influence of cake on milk yield during the grazing season.

We would like to suggest that a simple but well devised scheme of manurial trials should be carried out on five or six



PLANT BREEDING CAGE.

of the estates on rigidly comparable lines. If these could be continued for a period of years they would afford most valuable statistical material for discussing the effect of soil and climate on crop yields. No such data is being accumulated anywhere in this country. An experiment on these lines would also give rich material for the soil investigator on which he could in the laboratory make most searching tests of the numerous methods of soil analysis now in existence—tests which could hardly

fail to indicate some way out of the tangled maze of our present empiricism.

We cordially congratulate the Olympia Company and its chairman, Mr. Joseph Watson, who received a Peerage in the New Year's Honours list, on their far-sighted enterprise. Writing from the oldest station in the world, the present writer heartily wishes this newest station every success and trusts that it will lay up for itself a long record of valuable achievement.

MEYRICK COLLECTION OF ARMOUR

By F. H. CRIPPS DAY.



To the left—ONE OF A PAIR OF TOECAPS OF SUPERB QUALITY. *To the right*—ONE OF A PAIR IN BRIGHT STEEL, BOTH OF GERMAN ORIGIN, PRESUMABLY MADE FOR THE COURT OF SPAIN, FIRST QUARTER OF 16TH CENTURY. *Centre*—ONE OF A PAIR OF FINE GAUNTLETS. [Greenwich School, Circa 1570.]

IT was probably not until the middle of the eighteenth century that the collecting of armour came into fashion, when it attracted the attention of the bourgeois connoisseur, for we may leave out of account the great armouries of princes and noblemen, few of which are, or were, in our sense of the word, collections. The Grand Duke Ferdinand of the Tyrol, the Grand Condé and Charles V are exceptions. The last remembered his father's harnesses in Flanders, which by his order were brought to Madrid, and when he retired from the world to his monastery at San Yuste the only worldly goods he took with him were his armours. In a Christie sale catalogue of 1789 appears one lot of "mail, a helmet, a damascened shield." In 1808 at the auction rooms of Mr. Squibb there were thirty-five lots, all vaguely described, and in 1812 the auctioneer P. Coxe disposed of the collection of J. P. Louthembourg, R.A., many of the pieces of which were subsequently in 1816 on view in the exhibition at the Oplotheca, first at the Gothic Hall, Pall Mall, then at 20, Lower Brook Street, finally transferred in 1821 to the Haymarket. It was this collection, owned, some say, by Mr. Gwenrap, which fed to a large extent those of Meyrick, Brocas and, perhaps in a lesser degree, the Bernal. What was left of the collection in 1841 was sold at Oxenham's in that year. The Brocas sale was held in 1834. In 1839, at Christie's, the beautiful pieces stolen from Madrid

were disposed of. The sales at Strawberry Hill and of the Bernal collection took place in 1842 and 1855.

Mr. William Meyrick, in the preface to his catalogue of July 1st, 1861, records that he made his collection between 1841 and 1861. It follows, therefore, that as a collector he had grand opportunities. This W. Meyrick collection, which is to be offered for sale on Tuesday, February 21st, was purchased about 1880 by the late Mr. H. A. Brassey. There can be little doubt that most of the pieces came from the well known sales to which we have referred or from the S. R. Meyrick collection then being gradually dispersed. On reference to W. Meyrick's own catalogue we may note that the author mentions those pieces which came from the Bernal sale, and these include the breastplate (Lot 74) which was Lot 2,426 in that sale, when it fetched £12 12s., and a number of swords. The present catalogue refers the reader to the pieces from the S. R. Meyrick collection. But the outstanding features of the armour now to be disposed of are the pieces from the 1839 Christie sale, all looted from Madrid. We cannot identify them with the lots in the 1839 catalogue, for the descriptions there printed are insufficient for identification. The work of the German workshops, of the Kolmans and the Wolfs, for the Spanish Court is not to be mistaken. The writer doubts whether the attribution of the gauntlets in Lot 39 to the Greenwich School



FINE MAXIMILIAN ARMET.
German. Circa 1500.

BREASTPLATE OF BRIGHT STEEL.
German, early 16th Century.

GUARDE-DE-BRAS OF BRIGHT STEEL.
Middle of 16th Century.

is correct. These two gauntlets are of German work for the Spanish Court and are not, in the writer's opinion, a pair. W. Meyrick himself says that the right-hand gauntlet belonged to the Medina Cœli family and he probably had authority for that statement. Their Spanish origin is almost certain, and the design of their decoration should be compared with that of the cuisse (Lot 65) in the Laking sale, which fetched £357.

Pieces of armour may be rare on account of decoration, state, date, or as examples of certain parts of harnesses. Of the last are the garde-de-bras (Lot 87), the puffed elbow cap (Lot 22), the magnificent pair of rondels (Lot 33), the brayette fashioned after the dress of the period (Lot 59), and the manifer gauntlet (Lot 115).

The pair of espaliers of Lot 109 are of wonderful quality and of elaborate late Gothic design. The rare muzzle (Lot 34), although in bad state, is interesting, bearing date and the lettering GOTALLE in a tracery design of lizard and rosette.

The helmets, nearly all of the sixteenth century, are choice. The Maximilian fluted examples are very fine and in perfect state. Lot 61 is a museum piece.

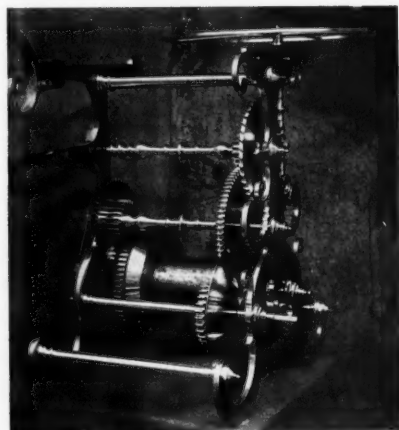
When we remember that the total of the 1839 Christie sale was £747 7s. 6d. for 284 lots, and that the European armour in 597 lots in the Bernal sale of four days realised about £5,200, the immense advance in the sale prices of armour of to-day is striking. The amateur armour collector has nowadays to tread warily as he follows the winding path through literary descriptions, entrancing pedigrees, imaginative scenes of great Princes patronising the workshops of Seusenhofer, Kolman, Lockner, or Wolf, and glimpses of Burgkmaier, Dürer, Michael Angelo, Cellini, or di Fideli, intent on designs for the armourers to work from; but it may be safely said that he need not feel any misgivings as to the genuine character of the pieces of this collection. The sollerets in lot 117 are modern, as may be inferred from the catalogue description.

CORRESPONDENCE

ETON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Owing to modern innovations, it has been found necessary to give a new face to the old College kitchen and buttery, to remove the old furniture, to disuse the old range and pastry ovens, and remove the fittings of the buttery dating from the time of Provost Godolphin, and last, but not least, to stop the working of the old roasting-jack which has been in constant use for close upon 200 years. The latter is of such uncommon interest that it may be useful to give its history. It was made by John Davis of Windsor in 1736. The said John Davis was also the maker of the great clock in School Yard, now in Lupton's Tower, originally between the two easternmost buttresses on the north side of the Chapel. He was maker of the clock in the Curfew Tower at Windsor about the year 1690; the clock at Baylis House, Slough (the former property of Provost Godolphin); a sundial at Baylis House; the clock in the hospital at Stoke Poges; and the clock over the stables at St. Leonard's, Windsor. Although none of these latter has the same finish or as good a design as the roasting-jack in the old College kitchen, which is



THE OLD ROASTING JACK IN COLLEGE KITCHEN AT ETON.

Now disused after nearly 200 years service.

quite unique. The jack used to be cleaned by an expert every month, and taken down once a year for a thorough overhaul, which was always undertaken by the leading hand at Messrs. Brown's of Windsor, James Morfitt, who was very proud of his work when finished. In the old days it was the custom to regale the workmen whenever it was attended to with old College ale, so James Morfitt tells me. It is really a wonderful piece of wrought-iron smith's work, as all the gear is hand cut, and the wheels themselves are forged with the centres dovetailed and riveted. During the war it was attended to and, when finished, I remember seeing it and admiring it in the window of Messrs. Brown's shop, where it attracted the attention of the King and Queen and of the Prince of Wales, who were walking by after a visit to Eton. It was kept in order by this firm for upwards of

100 years. John Davis, the maker of this incomparable piece of machinery, was son of William Davis, who was blacksmith to King Charles I and the Corporation of Windsor, and who, during the Commonwealth, refused to take any money from the man he considered a usurper, and cut off the crown from his hat saying that "he could not think of wearing a crowned hat, as there was in England in these days no crowned head." The following entry occurs in the Windsor Castle Records: "John Davis for cleansing the two Sun Dyalls in the Tarras Walke, for mending and cleaneing the Kings Clock, and for two new Lynes to it, and for a new brass Chaine and a brasse Swivell for the Cage of the Bird Called Cockatoo in the Kings Eating room, £8 12s. 6d." It is understood that Provost Godolphin's buttery, which was destroyed without any knowledge, apparently, of its architectural and historical value, will shortly be reinstated in its original condition, which is consoling, as there are not so many of these ancient landmarks left that we can afford to lose any of them unnecessarily and without very adequate reason. As regards the old fireplace, it is not generally known that a large open fire, if properly managed by an expert *chef*, is not so extravagant as a close range, as the fire can be reduced at will, or let out completely when the roasting is done; but no modern up-to-date woman cook could deal with an open range, and would object to the extra trouble of basting the meat and would naturally condemn something she did not understand as out of date and unworkable.—ARTHUR F. G. LEVESON GOWER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have been reading with interest your articles on Eton in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE, which appear to me to be most carefully written. But there is one question I should like to ask, and that is whether in view of the numerous Walpoles and Pitts who were at Eton during the eighteenth century there is any proof that the names shown in your illustration of a panel in Upper School belonged to Robert Walpole and William Pitt, Earl of Chatham? Personally I should even doubt if there is any certainty that the name of Shelley carved on the doors was cut by the poet or by one of his relatives.—R. A. AUSTEN LEIGH.

[There is actually no proof, only tradition and sentiment. We should be pleased to receive any further information as to the probable genuineness of these names.—ED.]

SCIENTIFIC FEEDING OF STOCK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There has of late been a large amount of correspondence as regards the depression in the farming industry, and it behoves all breeders of stock to reduce their costs of production, so as to cope with present day prices. Stock breeders are extremely loth to apply science to the farming industry, especially so, should the suggested experiment be anything new. I have for some time been experimenting largely with foods for the feeding of my stock, which are rich in vitamins, with enormous success. I have had prepared for me, under my directions, a food which is rich in the Fat Soluble A Vitamin, as well as in the Water Soluble B Vitamin, with this meal called "Vitameal." I have just conducted a comparison test, namely, three pens of small pigs, just weaned, each consisting of three pigs. Pen No. 1 were fed on this meal 20lb. plus 80 per cent. barley and ground oats.

Pen No. 1 were given 50lb. coconut cake and 50lb. of barley meal and ground oats. Pen No. 3 were given 60lb. of palm kernel cake with 40lb. of barley meal and ground oats. At the end of fourteen days pen No. 1 had increased by 65lb., No. 2, 28lb., and No. 3 had increased by 6lb. The pork produced by Pen No. 1 has cost in feeding 5d. per lb., that in Pen No. 2 has cost 11d. per lb., and that in No. 3 has cost 4s. 2d. per lb. It is quite easy to see why some farmers are to-day complaining that they are losing money on their stock, as most farmers feed their stock on the materials with which I fed Pens Nos. 2 and 3. The foreigner, who is our chief competitor, takes advantage of scientific research much more readily than does the English farmer. I shall be very pleased to show any reader of COUNTRY LIFE these animals and explain the advantages of scientific feeding. The above experiments are applicable to all farming stock, and farmers will readily see from the above experiment how advantageous scientific feeding can be to them if they make use of recent research work.—M. J. ROWLANDS.

SCENT AND THE RAINBOW.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I culled the following from a local paper recording a run of the Cattistock Hunt: "Hounds ran well . . . till a rainbow appeared with the inevitable result of scent failing . . ." Do you think this is merely a telescoped sentence or is it a genuine reference to a tradition? Have you ever come across such a tradition? It is the type of announcement which makes one suddenly take notice.—R. C. K.

LITTLE OWLS AND "RATS."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Will you permit me to make a few remarks anent two letters which appear in a recent issue? "H. T. C." furnishes an interesting account of a determined offensive launched against him and his friend by half a dozen little owls. I am not surprised, for these are the most vicious of all the owl tribe. "H. T. C." says that he and the said friend beat a retreat as they "did not wish to injure them (the attackers) in any way." This is false sentiment as regards the particular species in question. The little owl is not indigenous to this country, but was imported some years ago, since which it has become so well acclimatised that it has spread itself all over the country. It has made itself a perfect pest and nuisance. It is a "bird-Bolshe" of the deepest dye—one which kills for the sake of killing and which raids by day as well as by night. It thinks nothing of destroying a whole covey of "cheeper" partridges, a nide of callow pheasants, or a brood of newly hatched chickens or ducklings, just out of pure blood-lust. It may only devour one and leave the rest stark. The little owl should be ruthlessly destroyed whenever and wherever opportunity may afford. And now about Mr. P. Oakes' so-called "rat" with an ear for dulcet melody. Obviously this was no *rat* at all, but the harmless, though perhaps unnecessary, water vole—an animal which would never admit any sort of connection with that disgusting, devastating and germ-bearing villain *Mus decumanus* (the brown rat) or his cousin germane (and perhaps *German*) *Mus rattus* (the black rat).—HARDING COX.

THE SONG OF THE "DRUNKEN PIPER."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE I was much interested to read a contribution from a correspondent who recorded the notes sung by a bird in the uplands of Ceylon. Although I have not actually heard this particular bird myself, I have frequently listened to the notes sung by a small bird called "The Drunken Piper" in certain parts of this mountain district, particularly in the neighbourhood of Diyatalawa in the Uva Province of Ceylon. "The drunken piper" himself is a small black and white bird. He flits from tree to tree in short swift swoops, but with a peculiar staggering motion—hence, I presume, his name. His song is unmistakably clear, with each note sharply defined, and can be heard at any hour of the day among the trees. The actual notes are as follows:



Occasionally he omits the last two notes altogether, and leaves the phrase somewhat unfinished and in the air! I have occasionally heard the whole phrase repeated twice, but with the second bar a tone lower, which makes a complete and satisfying four-bar phrase, as follows:



This is, however, rare, and sounds almost too human to be believed. Bach or Haydn might have envied such a theme from Nature!—A. D. DUCKWORTH.

THE LAPWING AND THE TRACTOR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Perhaps the enclosed photograph of a young lapwing may be of interest to your many



A VERY YOUNG LAPWING.

readers. Last May I was tractor ploughing a field of dead fallow in Leicestershire. This field was on the side of a small hill. A lapwing attracted my attention each time the crest of

the hill was reached, by circling, with the usual cry, over the machine. This having occurred two or three successive times, I inspected the ground closely, and to my astonishment saw the mother bird sitting within a foot of the last wheel track; she remained on until the wheel was within six inches of her. I stopped, and immediately I vacated the machine she flew off with the most appalling cries. I removed the eggs on to the ploughed ground, a distance of about six yards, having made a slight hollow for their reception. On my next arrival at the top of the hill I was surprised to see the mother sitting on this artificial nest. This was about 2 p.m.; at 5.30 p.m. I took the photograph; half an hour later there was no trace of bird or eggshells. I found the defunct shells in a field quite a couple of hundred yards away afterwards.—E. V. RUSSELL.

FIRST RECORD OF THE GADWALL IN WESTMORLAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A fine adult male gadwall (*Anas strepera*) shot near Tebay, Westmorland, on January 2nd, is the first record of this beautiful duck for this county. This duck used to be almost totally confined to Norfolk and Suffolk in England, and to certain of the Hebrides, notably Tiree, but of late years it has nested wild in two localities in the South of Scotland, from whence this specimen possibly came. Macpherson, in his "Fauna of Lakeland," says of the gadwall that "it is the rarest of all the wildfowl that can be considered irregular winter visitors to Lakeland." He gives three records for inland waters and two for tidal waters, but all these five records are for Cumberland, the last of which was an adult male shot out of a pack of widgeon by a puntsman on the Solway in January, 1892.—H. W. ROBINSON.

THE ART OF ARRANGING FLOWERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The arranging of flowers, "Ike bana," ranks in Japan as one of the fine arts, and in order to be free to practise it an Emperor once abdicated his throne. Many Japanese warriors have been among its students, holding it as essential to the development of the mind as the training of the sterner ways of chivalry. While we in the West base our scheme of decoration on the blending of colour, the Japanese art depends chiefly on line and consists mainly of the scientific arrangement of growing plants. Though for purposes of decoration the branch or blossom has been detached from the main plant it must still live and live displayed among its natural surroundings. Symmetry and balance are avoided because neither is found in nature. Full value is given to each individual flower, and for that reason flowers are seldom, if ever, mixed. Often one single bough or bare branch is the sole ornament of a room. The selection of material and its arrangement is determined by certain definite rules, and a slight alteration in the arrangement of a flower expresses quite a different message. The result is one of great simplicity, but a simplicity only gained by



"IKE BANA."

constant study and discipline. Every daughter in a Japanese household is taught the art, the practice of which brings beauty and joy into the humblest as well as the wealthiest of homes.—M. M. LYNE.

DONKEYS IN SPAIN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you two photographs from Spain which I hope you may like. In the first is



THE DONKEY LEADS THE MULE TEAM.



A BREADSELLER OF GRANADA.

seen a typical mule team with, as always, a donkey as leader. No reins are used. The leaders obey implicitly the voice of the driver, who sits leisurely in the front of the wagon. The donkey takes an interest in his work and literally "runs the show." The donkey in the other photograph belongs to a breadseller in Granada. "Pan de venta" shouts the seller as he sits perched above, and his ample panniers are soon emptied.—V.

WATERSPOUTS ON INLAND LAKES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Although water-spouts are common enough on the sea, they are decidedly rare on small inland lakes. Two instances have, however, come to my notice. One occurred on Llyn Idwal in North Wales in the 'seventies, and I recollect Herkomer, the painter, telling my father about it. Llyn Idwal lies like an amphitheatre beneath a semicircle of wild crags, and one can readily understand a gale there being whirled round into a great eddy. The other instance, regarding which I have been able to gather more details, was much more curious, as there were no natural features to assist the air currents towards following a circular path. It occurred on the Ootacamund Lake in Southern India about 1867 or 1868, and witnesses who lived in a house overlooking the lake described the phenomenon to me in 1883, about fifteen years later. Early in the afternoon everyone's attention was attracted by an extraordinary hissing sound, like the sound of steam escaping from a steamer's boilers. A funnel-shaped cloud, of the usual type, was then seen to be hanging low over the lake, and the water was boiling and bubbling up to meet the point of the funnel. One of the persons who witnessed this water-spout was on the road which circles the lake, and therefore saw the whole affair at close quarters. At this short range the black dipping funnel and seething water presented a most terrifying appearance. After a time the cloud slowly rose and drifted away. That night there was a deluge of rain, and in the morning a slender spiral shell about six inches long was found in a puddle in the garden. The Ootacamund Lake is 7,200ft. above sea level, and the lower and broader end lies between gently sloping hills, in no wise so shaped as to encourage a great wind eddy. In those days the lake was about a mile long, but it has since been shortened by filling up the shallow part above the Willow Bund.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

ON THE GREEN

By BERNARD DARWIN.

A COMPELLING PUTTER.

A NEW putter is always entertaining and has been known to work miracles, though only, alas! as a rule, temporary ones. I have just been given one that interests me a good deal and it may be the magic wand that some people have been looking for. It was designed by Mr. J. Pearce Harvey, a good Suffolk golfer, and is made by Charles Gadd, the Ipswich professional, who was badly wounded in the war. The shape of the head is that of an ordinary putting cleek, but it has a bulge in the face; not, if I may so express it, a round bulge, as in a wooden "bulger," but a flat bulge. The central part of the face, on which you are supposed to hit the ball, has a flat surface and clean-cut edges and stands out from the rest of the face to the extent of some very small fraction of an inch. Of course, if you hit the ball properly in the middle of the face there is nothing to differentiate the stroke from one similarly struck with any other putter. The inventor's point is, I take it, to compel you to hit on the middle of the face by making you so mortally frightened of hitting on the heel or the toe, or, in other words, by making you "concentrate." I have experimented with the club, and if you do hit to really outrageous excess on the heel or the toe the ball performs curious antics, but the chances of doing so are, in fact, small. Nevertheless, you are kept continually on the alert by the terror of doing so, and so you take very great care to hit in the middle. If you take great care to hit in the middle, you will probably keep your head still and your eye on the ball, and if, again, you do those two things you will probably also keep your body still. This, at any rate, is the way in which I interpret the inventor's notion, and it seems to me rather a clever one. The fact that so many putters have some form of pattern in the centre of the face shows that there is a value in something to guide the eye to the right place, but the ordinary pattern is mute; it cannot tell you of your errors, and it is amazing how easy it is to hit your putts too near the heel without knowing it. Gadd's putter, on the other hand, leaves you in very little doubt on the subject.

METHODS OF TERROR.

The notion of compelling the golfer to do right by the methods of a reign of terror is not, of course, a new one. It is one that most players have applied to themselves at some time or another. The classic instance, long since recorded by the late Mr. Everard, is that of the gentleman who would cure a fit of topping by "teeing his ball in a hole," because then he had to get down to it. To take a very low tee or no tee at all is often an effective cure for any form of bad driving. It makes you discard superfluous theories and concentrate the mind on the single and simple art of hitting the ball, and that, as in the case of the putter, means keeping the eye on the ball and the body still. The imminent peril of not getting the ball into the air makes you forget all about the possibilities of its flying to right or left, and so it often flies straight. On the same principle, when you are suffering from a severe attack of "foundering" or "smothering" the ball by coming through far too soon with the body, it is not a bad plan to practise frontal attacks on a big sandhill. Your erring body is instinctively frightened of the hill and holds itself back accordingly; in fact, there are many cases in which, by making the game apparently more difficult for yourself, you can make it easier—for the time being at any rate. I must add that saving clause because all too soon you will cease to think so much about the difficulty and so cease to concentrate the mind. Whether or not that happens

in the case of this putter I cannot positively say, as I have not had my new toy long enough yet. It is at least an attractive and ingenious one.

THE BALL QUESTION AGAIN.

The Sub-Committee of the Rules of Golf Committee on the golf ball question, having pondered duly over this subject, has issued a pronouncement. It has been for some time the general opinion of those wanting reform that the only practical hope lies in the direction of a larger ball. Therefore special competitions are to be held in the spring with balls of unrestricted weight having a diameter varying between 1.705 and 1.690. Lest there should be people like me who cannot remember figures, I add that the law at present lays down a minimum diameter of 1.62ins. and a maximum weight of 1.62oz. The Royal and Ancient and the other championship clubs are willing to organise such competitions, and it is hoped that other clubs also will do so. As ball makers are apt to be frightened of "getting left" with stocks on their hands, and golfers in general are apt not to read the rules and so get hold of the wrong end of the stick, the Sub-Committee expressly points out that these experiments must not be taken as portending any change in the law in the immediate future. The experimental balls will be ready in March. Whether they will be hailed with any great enthusiasm remains to be seen. At the moment, I think, the golfing world in general is, as Mr. de Valera pronounced himself, "sick of politics," but it may become more public-spirited with the spring. At present the vast majority, as far as they care about the subject at all, are against any restrictions. There are plenty of big balls now on the market for them to buy if they would, and, speaking generally, they won't. No doubt a bigger ball might restore some of the lost beauty of courses and holes and strokes, but I sometimes wonder whether the effect would be so great as devout persons believe. I also wonder whether it is worth while taking so much trouble with a view to a change which, however lamentable be the fact, hardly anyone wants. But doubtless these are wonderings that one should sternly repress.

1, 6, 1.

Sandy Herd has just done his fifteenth hole in one. He was, according to the statisticians, a world's record holder before, and is now more so than ever. Who comes second I do not know, but both Braid and Mr. Herbert Fowler have done an unconscionable number of ones, whereas poor Harry Vardon has, I believe, done but a single one in all his life. There is, however, among the "illustrious obscure" of golf one world's record-holder whose achievement figures in no books of reference, and I often feel jealous on his behalf. He is so modest that he would not, I know, like me to mention his name, but he is a British officer and a most truthful person. Playing on the links of Salonica or, to be more precise, of Dudular, he began his round with these figures: 1, 6, 1. Other people have done two ones in a single round, though not many, but nobody else that I ever heard of has done two out of the first three holes in one apiece. The first hole called for a short mashie shot on to a delightful "island" green surrounded by marshes and mosquitoes; the third wanted a firm iron shot, and the green was guarded on the left by a grove of thistles and on the right by a native farm containing several unpleasant wolfish dogs. Both greens were worthy of the name only in the sense that the hole was cut or rather dug there. Nobody will ever do either of them in one again, and my friend's record is his for ever.

THE PERILS OF STEEPLECHASING

FEATURES OF FLAT RACING ENTRIES FOR 1922

TWO fatalities within a month in steeplechasing and hurdling are something more than disconcerting. At Sandown Park last month F. Cheshire, who was very little known as a jockey under National Hunt Rules, was killed in the course of a hurdle race, and at Gatwick last week the far better known W. Smith was killed after a fall in a steeplechase. All who saw the incident at Sandown Park would notice that Cheshire's fall was obviously a very serious one, but Smith did not appear to fall heavily from the horse Sir Eyre. It is true the pace was good, as he was making an endeavour to move up to the leaders at the last fence but one; but similar falls are seen to occur daily, and it came as a big and very painful surprise that the jockey had received fatal injuries. It is possible in the latter case that death might have been accelerated by the fact of having had two quite nasty falls some time before, from the effects of which he was still suffering. Then the horse which brought about the fatal ride had been falling in public on previous occasions, and as it was a chance ride it will be seen how especially pathetic the circumstances were. He was undoubtedly a good

jockey, though he was not actually in the first flight. He became prominent after the war and rode several winners of much importance. He had a good seat on a horse, plenty of nerve, and I have seen him ride some strong and artistic finishes in which, by maintaining balance and the maximum of power, he got everything possible out of his horses. If I add that he was unusually popular with his brother jockeys and with trainers it will be appreciated what depression was caused by his death.

Of course, these fatal accidents are not good for National Hunt sport, for there are plenty of people who believe that it should be devoid of danger at all. If it were, some of us would cease to be attracted by it in the same way that any sport worth its salt would cease to be a sport. What of hunting? From time to time fatal accidents occur in the hunting field even though it is open to anyone with hounds to choose his own line and measure his own risks even to the elimination of them. In steeplechasing there is only one line, and I really believe it is the safer game because the fences are properly made, and, because they are not "blind" in any sense, they do not hide any awful

traps and pitfalls. After all, our leading jockeys jump a great many fences in the course of a month, and the proportion of serious accidents is not big when it is borne in mind, too, how many are engaged in the game. Nevertheless, two within a month is alarming, and the fact draws renewed attention to the necessity of a fund which can at once meet the impoverished circumstances of bereaved families.

Within a month about £3,000 has been raised for the young widow and three children of F. Cheshire, and as W. Smith has left a widow and four children practically unprovided for, another fund has now been started. It is being most generously subscribed to at the moment by all professionally concerned with the winter code of racing, and in particular by bookmakers, who are ever ready to give to charitable objects connected with the Turf. It says much, therefore, for racing people that they should be so kind and generous, no matter how frequent the calls may be upon them. But that pleasant fact is no reason why the National Hunt Committee should continue any longer to ignore the urgent necessity of giving the weight of their authority and influence to the starting of a fund from which adequate donations could be made for the relief of those unfortunate families bereaved by accidents on the racecourse. I have touched on this subject before, and I find that the suggestion is now most seriously taken up in practically every quarter. It is favourably discussed in the Press and on the racecourse, and at least it is up to the National Hunt to make some show of considering the subject. They are expected to do so, and there could be no more appropriate moment than the present.

One wonders why there should be more grief in National Hunt racing this season than in any period one can recall. Are the fences and hurdles stiffer? Are the horses less efficient? Are the riders less efficient, and are races run at a faster pace, calling for a little more risk in jumping? To the first query I should say that the answer is in the negative, and on the whole the horses are not necessarily less efficient. Steeplechasers do not seem to be specially bred for the game nowadays, not even in Ireland, and more reliance seems to be placed on recruiting from the ranks of hurdlers. Experts differ as to whether hurdling is the right sort of preliminary school for chasing. I believe that the present day riders are more efficient than those of a past generation, and I have an idea that the pace at which races are run is faster than was the average in the past. There have been some extraordinarily fast times this season, though I do not overlook the fact that the remarkably firm state of the ground must have contributed to that.

If you are having faster run races, horses must be jumping faster. Any horseman will agree with me that you can run a bigger risk by taking a horse too slow at a fence than by taking it too fast. But if your horse is going at an open ditch or even a fairly formidable plain fence and is travelling at racing pace you can expect trouble if your horse does not happen to meet it properly, and in consequence does not put in the quick, short one which prevents him taking off too soon or too late. The horse must be clever and jump with his head in the same way that Jerry M used to do—to quote a classic example—if dangers are to be altogether reduced to a minimum when horses are steeplechasing at a hot pace. Often you will notice the indifferent horse, with his education still incomplete, being ridden by the indifferent jockey, for the second and third rankers cannot exactly pick their mounts. They are willing to take on any that are offered them, while such as Rees, Wootton, Jack Anthony and Duller are entitled to enquire first whether the horse to be ridden is a good jumper or not. Of course, the best jumpers in the world can lapse, and I am sure that Mr. R. Gore would say that Sir James Buchanan's—may I here interpose a sincere word of congratulation to that gentleman on the signal honour bestowed on him by the King?—Southampton is about the best and most finished jumper in his stable. Yet in the privacy of the training ground he gave Frank Wootton a fall which smashed his collar bone. All of which goes to prove that the element of risk can never be eliminated from steeplechasing, which is the paramount reason why without further delay the National Hunt Committee should take the initiative in propounding some scheme for the insurance of jockeys licensed by them.

Horses entered for the Spring Handicaps are to be weighted by the 26th of the month, and until that very necessary formality has been observed no useful object would be served by discussing them. All that need be said by way of comment is that they appear to be strong numerically and in no way show any falling off compared with a year and two years ago, when things really were booming. Certain horses which have been talked about of late are in the Lincolnshire Handicap, but discreet people will not venture on wagering yet awhile. So much may happen in the interval apart altogether from any questions of weight. Incredible though it may seem, the training grounds are still far too hard for even the comparatively slow work which is the order with flat race horses at the present time. Surely change must come soon or the position in some localities will be absolutely untenable. If ever there was a mixed bag represented by an entry, then it is that which has now been received for the Ascot Gold Cup, the race which does so much to hall mark the worth of the winner. Periosteum was just a very ordinary long distance handicapper before he had the good luck to run for the Gold Cup last year—a particularly ordinary year, by the way—and afterwards they actually put him up for sale with a reserve of £20,000 on him. That will remind you what winning

the Ascot Gold Cup does for a horse, and, incidentally, of course, for his owner.

We have Periosteum in the race for 1922, as also Happy Man, which, some think, was rather unluckily beaten by him last June. The latter is now a six year old, and one doubts that he will be as good as he was, though it is in his favour that he has not been over-raced. Other handicappers in the entry are Yutoi, winner of the Cesarewitch; North Waltham, Sabotage, Crubenmore, Yokel, Milenko, King's Idler, Sprig of Orange and Blue Lady. We have Bucks, the winner of the Goodwood Cup; Craig an Eran, the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas; and Polemarch, the winner of the St. Leger; and, as a set off to the classic form they represent, we have Master Rufus, which won a maiden hurdle race on the first day of the present National Hunt season. We have the Ascot Gold Vase winner of last year in Copyright, the unfortunate Alan Breck, which I very much hope will be restored to soundness; Monarch, which has shown time after time that he does not stay over a distance; some well known three year olds in Condoover, Argo, Polyhistor, Fodder and Unison; Flamboyant, the winner of the Doncaster Cup; and Nippon, the winner of the Jockey Club Cup. We have some quite moderate handicappers, and from France we have probably the best of all in Ksar, the chestnut horse that I am sure did not show his form in the Grand Prix which Lemonora won. Anyhow, I have no doubt that Ksar is the best horse in France to-day, and I hope they will bring him at his best to the post at Ascot so that he may have a chance of getting in a blow in exchange for the last three occasions on which we have taken their big prize with Galloper Light, Comrade and Lemonora. If we have one good enough to beat Ksar, fit and well, then we shall have one worthy of the traditions of this race, and the French will have to admit the fact. I do not think it would be possible for any other race in the world to attract such a motley collection, happily only at the entry stage and not on the day. PHILIPPOS.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE PICTURE GALLERIES

WITH the reopening of the great Picture Gallery (XVI) at Hertford House, London at length regains its fifth permanent exhibition of pictures, which have been in various stages of imperfection, if not completely closed, since 1913. One result of the transformation of galleries into war offices has been to necessitate their redecoration, and it is interesting to compare the processes as conducted in Trafalgar and Manchester Squares. In the former, experiments have been made, differing from room to room, after a neutral wall colour, to be secured in most cases by painting the existing surface—all of which is lincrusta—in varying shades of greys, and in one room by stippling a brown wall with grey dots. At Hertford House the redecorated picture galleries are, with one important exception, walled with canvas of a golden ivory tone in order to secure the maximum amount of light. The great gallery, however, containing some of the most famous pictures in England, has reverted to a sounder fabric of dull crimson. The reason for this is the low tones of some of the pictures here shown, notably the Rembrandts and Titians, and the great size and excellent lighting of the gallery which eliminates the falsification of the pictures by reflected wall colours—the difficulty experienced in the smaller rooms. The result is most happy; the pictures show up well on the dark background, and the removal of all save a few pieces of furniture allows the eye to rest more tranquil on the masterpieces of painting. These, we may remind our readers, include two famous De Hooch interiors; "The Laughing Cavalier"; Reynolds' "Nelly O'Brien," "Mrs. Carnac" and "The Strawberry Girl"; Gainsborough's "Mrs. Robinson as Perdita"; and examples of Rubens as a landscape, scriptural and allegorical painter; Rembrandts; and Philippe de Champaignes. We do not think the National Gallery will attain so satisfactory an aspect until the lincrusta has been stripped from the walls.

A notable addition to the National Gallery is the room devoted to some of the originals of the Arundel Society's reproductions. This Society, which has for some time been defunct, did a most valuable work in employing such copyists as Mariannucci and Kaiser in the earlier days of colour lithography, and brought within reach of the moderate purse very fair reproductions of the greater Italian frescoes. The ones exhibited consist principally of copies of Giotto's work in the Church of St. Francis at Assisi, together with the less well preserved ones by an artist of the Roman School in the same church. Next in date come some of Fra Angelico's frescoes from St. Marco and St. Laurence's Chapel in the Vatican, and beside them Benozzo Gozzoli's gorgeous progress of the Magi, a series of seven from the Ricciardi Palace. With Raphael's frescoes on the Vatican stanze the artists are, perhaps, less successful, as they were copying for a process which dealt best with flat subjects. On the other hand, possibly the most successful copies are those of the Van Eycks' altar piece in twelve panels at Ghent; two Memling triptyches, one at Lübeck, the other at Bruges; and two Dürer panels from the Pinacothek at Munich. In these the reduction in size seems more natural, owing to our being accustomed to the miniature-like style of that school. But the whole room repays a visit one of these gloomy afternoons.

SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

A CRITICISM OF NO. 8 SHOT.

A GOOD many people seem to have been amused by the naked bird outlines which I introduced into Mr. J. H. Wyatt's article on Snipe Shooting as published in the issue of November 26th last. They were intended to serve as an incidental comment on his reference to No. 8 as the orthodox shot size for this bird, No. 10 being pictured as, perhaps, even more suitable. With this last dictum I entirely disagree. The partridge, by all practical tests, is best dealt with by means of cartridges loaded with No. 6, 6½ or 7 shot, while in the days when No. 5 was the rage I remember a keeper of magnificent shooting ability who lauded these corpulent pellets above all others, clenching his argument by saying that as a young man he was in the habit of shooting snipe for market without departing from what had already become his favourite size. The full snipe, by the evidence of my drawings, does not so noticeably differ in size from the partridge as to require so drastic a change, so rendering the munitions unsuitable for any other game which may be encountered during the excursion. In all my tests of No. 8 shot I have found it curiously impotent at the more distant ranges where the pattern thrown by No. 7 begins to show thinness, and it goes without question that inside those ranges there must be sufficient No. 7 pellets to forbid any gratuitous reduction of pellet size. Thus No. 8 fails just where it should begin to be useful. No. 10 size I regard as absolutely hopeless, except maybe for sparrows. Why everybody jumps from No. 8 to No. 10 I have never been able to understand, for the gap between single sizes is already excessive. No. 7 at 340 per oz. compares with No. 8 at 450, No. 9 at 580 and No. 10 at 850. In condemnation of the average sample of the last-named size is that it contains a fearful proportion of mere pin-pricking morsels, woublers, no doubt, but obviously useless for practical purposes. My own recommendation is the creation of a new size, viz., No. 7½, running about 400 to the ounce. Messrs. Eley and also Messrs. Walkers, Parker have prepared for my use samples of the proposed new item on their list. It results at the moment from sifting out the smallest pellets from comparatively large quantities of No. 7. Within the next month or so I hope to be in a position to reproduce some diagrams illustrating the patterns that the new size could be relied upon to produce.

A DIARIST OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

I have just completed the reading of "Half-a-Century of Sport in Hampshire" (COUNTRY LIFE Library of Sport), being a digest of the second Lord Malmesbury's shooting diary, which was brought to a termination in the year 1840. According to my interpretation there is nothing so cheerful as the doleful tone which pervades the entire record. The sporting glories of this wonderful estate in its heyday of perfection are throughout treated as something passing away. Mr. Aflalo himself, in editing the notes, adopting the same strain. And yet, we were on the eve of a remarkable and unprecedented development of the shooting capabilities of Great Britain at large—admittedly not the same sort of shooting as is recorded in these pages as well as in the contemporary records of Colonel Hawker. Though the fashion nowadays is to belaud the earlier style of solitary wandering, dog at heel and gun in hand, there is much to be said for the newer system. In the book under notice we gain a perfect impression of the sporting landowner of naturalist tendencies who daily traversed a varied stretch of country, faithfully recording his successes and failures, and tabulating at the end of each season the game brought to bag by his own gun. For instance, in 1817-18 he fired 2,237 shots and secured 1,521 head, comprised as follows: 4 blackgame, 315 partridges, 11 landrails, 110 pheasants, 80 woodcocks, 298 snipe, 90 wildfowl, 150 hares and 463 rabbits. Nobody could wish for more or for better, and yet, under modern conditions of working the same total could be produced, possibly on the self-same ground, in a couple of days' shooting, without exhausting the possibilities of further sport. What the modern shooter maintains is that the shots presented by driving are more difficult, and, therefore, more sporting, than the generality of chances offered to the walker-up. Improved methods in the department of game preservation have provided the wherewithal for our faster and more furious battues. As already indicated, the story told in this book carries a comforting moral, for it shows that at a time when conditions were undergoing what appeared to be destructive changes adaptation in due course provided a series of triumphant remedies. To-day we are faced with other changes seemingly equally fatal in their destructive tendency. Though the way of salvation is not clear, comfort may be gained from the reflection that things are no worse to-day than they were believed to be some sixty or more years ago.

GAME SHOOTING CLUBS.

The landowner in many cases has been compelled to sell his estate, the ownership having for the most part passed into

the hands of the farmers. Areas which teemed with game under the former method of control are in process of reverting to a state of nature, unseen enemies checking the abundant production which was previously credited to the hospitable nature of the soil. The question which must be asked to-day is whether ownership of a ring-fenced estate is the sole means of populating it with game and finding sport for those anxious to taste its delights. The old method was exceedingly popular among younger sons and others qualified to shine in the capacity of guests, but it laid a disproportionate burden on the shoulders of the head of the family who paid the bills. It left uncatered for the busy worker, amply provided with shekels and in need of a modicum of the recreation which for the lucky ones seemed to be life's main business. When shooting expenses are syndicated the cost of fifteen days in the season—as much time as most people can spare—is about £100. Six such contributions, added to at least an equal amount for the sale of game, provide the substantial sum of £1,200 to expend on rent, keepers' wages and supervision. Man is a clubbable animal, so there is not the slightest reason why what is already largely practised and has long been orthodox in fishing should not be widely extended. Shooting syndicates have a certain amount of prejudice to live down; but, as the prejudice mainly exists among those who are able to practise the traditional method, it sets up no barrier to development. What is certain is that a far larger demand exists for shooting let by the gun than for the complete outfit with all its attendant worries and anxieties. At the moment an acceptable connecting link remains to be fashioned. Let us call it a club and drop the word syndicate altogether, and let natural processes decide whether its constitution shall be proprietary or rigidly democratic. What I have said before, and repeat now, is that no more perfect occupation can be imagined than the running of such an organisation. For the country dweller who likes his bit of shooting, but cannot afford to indulge, no better blend of the pleasant and profitable can be imagined. Once I answered an advertisement which offered something wonderful in the way of a wildfowl shoot. The rent was only £200, but this meant taking on much more expense, shooting and worry than I wanted; so the idea was dropped. Later on I learnt, with sorrow and remorse, that the owner would have been delighted to sell me a gun at a fee of £50. *Verb. sap.*

SOME OF THE SNAGS.

I have belonged to one or two shooting syndicates in my time, and have shot as guest at others, but for the most part have preferred to run things on the small scale which permits undivided control. The first prime essential of a syndicate is that there shall be some system of excluding the risk of a haphazard assemblage of people of diverse tastes and tendencies. A single impossible person will destroy harmony for the entire season, and yet be in tune in more appropriate society. In practice this difficulty is met by inviting applicants to inspect the property, a suitable excuse being always available for holding the deal open until they themselves have been inspected. No such risk exists when a party of friends take over a shoot and have one or more vacancies to fill; likewise when a superior gamekeeper or some similarly circumstanced person has taken a shoot and secured the adhesion of a nucleus party, the members of which fill the remaining vacancies. Syndicates in my experience lose much of the sport for which they have paid by too rigidly adhering to set parties. Oftentimes there are odd bits of outside ground which are well worth a between-times visit by two members of the party, but usually these extras are either wasted or else become the perquisite of the keepers or the resident manager. On a privately owned shoot they provide the most cherished days or, maybe, hours in the season, and clearly should not be wasted by the syndicate. There is a certain amount of monotony in shooting over the same ground and with the same people every day in the season, and, perhaps, for several seasons in rotation, the remedy for which would be to form a real club consisting of twenty or thirty members, and to distribute them over three or more shoots. An ideal organisation could then be created, since a first-class manager could be profitably employed. A curious feature about the working of syndicates is the unanimity with which their members turn up during the first three months of the season and the difficulty of making up full parties in December and January, when sport is less plentiful but, in the opinion of many, higher in quality. This embarrassment might well be met by the nomination of half-season members, who, for a proportionate price, would be only too glad to satisfy their unjaded appetites. The whole subject bristles with interesting problems awaiting solution by a person of natural administrative ability. Meanwhile, one thing is always certain—that the demand for good shooting is greater than the supply, and that motoring facilities have considerably increased the number of people for whom shooting has become practical politics.

THE ESTATE MARKET

FOUR CENTURIES OF OWNERSHIP

FOR at least four centuries Hanford, Dorset, has been in the hands of the Seymer family, its present owner being Major Seymer, D.S.O. At Lady Day next the privilege of entry on a tenancy of the house, either unfurnished or partly furnished, may be enjoyed by whoever can come to terms with Messrs. Wilson and Co., the owner's agents for the purpose. In the quarter of a century during which, as we were reminded last week, COUNTRY LIFE has published illustrated descriptions of interesting mansions, it is safe to say that there has been none of more beauty, in its class, than Hanford House, so treated in these columns. On April 22nd, 1905 (page 558), the property formed the subject of an article which revealed its venerable outlines and exquisite proportions and, above all, the simplicity of its design.

Through all the changes and chances of four centuries Hanford has remained in one family's ownership, and that in itself gives it a claim to distinction as well as being a fact welcome enough to those whose duty in recording the history of such properties often involves a heavy task in unravelling the tangled skein of successive changes in possession. There is matter for quite an interesting investigation as to what particular characteristics in the Seymers may have rendered them immune from the multitudinous influences that have always tended towards depriving any one family of a similar continuity of ownership. Were they too strong to be dispossessed, or too tactful, or were they, in their quiet Dorset home, scrupulously careful to keep out of the whirlpool of affairs which, in former troublous centuries, meant too often not only the loss of property but of life itself?

In one respect Hanford House has a full claim to endure; it has been adapted from time to time to the changing requirements of successive periods, and to-day it is, in its internal equipment, a thoroughly comfortable residence, according to exacting modern standards. Taste and judgment have regulated its adaptation, and there is no cause for repining at whatever has happened to the structure. The Seymers, seated there for centuries, are believed to have a common descent with the ducal house of Somerset. They originally held Hanford under the abbesses of the neighbouring nunnery of Tarrant, a Cistercian house, established in the reign of Richard I, and re-endowed by Bishop Poore of Salisbury in 1217.

There seems to have been a slight break in the ownership of the place by the Seymer family, as there is the record of the purchase of property from the Dacomes by the Seymers in the days of Good Queen Bess. The buyer's son, Sir Robert Seymer, built the existing house. The writer of the descriptive article confesses to the elusiveness of the charm of Hanford, and takes refuge in referring the reader to the views which embellish his article. He dwelt, as we might expect, on the perfection of the proportions of the house, the grouping of gables and chimneys, and the fine mullioned windows. Internally, a noteworthy feature is the massively carved mantelpiece in what is now the billiard-room, and though its general effect is rather heavy—it was probably done by German or Dutch carvers—it is a very pleasing detail of English Renaissance. Hanford, though neither large nor stately, is a Jacobean example, richly quaint.

A CANTERBURY MONASTERY.

THE announcement is sent us by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley that the Grey Friars' Monastery at Canterbury is for sale. The massive arches of the foundation of the monastery span the Stour near the main street of the city. Canterbury has not always been careful of its antiquarian treasures. Its walls, once among the most complete of any old city, were used for road making, and its ancient castle, until lately, served as a coal store for the adjacent gasworks. But that is all changed now, and not merely are old structures reverently cared for, but much excavation has been carried out to reveal the foundations of buildings that served earlier generations. So at Grey Friars, where the site of the fine old church has lately been unearthed. The Franciscans enjoyed this lovely thirteenth century building. The house, thoroughly restored under skilled advice, is for sale by private treaty. May it fall into worthy

hands to delight and inspire generations yet unborn.

The Hanover Square firm is to dispose of Ashe Park, 870 acres, between Andover and Basingstoke, and The Mount, South Godstone, a modern house in meadow and orchard, only twenty-two miles from London. Their sales in the last few days include Hurst Bank, an old-fashioned house and 19 acres, adjoining the golf course at Sanderstead; and another old-fashioned place on the outskirts of Taunton, known as Broadlands.

In a note on auctions, Mr. Alfred J. Burrows (Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley), writes: "Some people think that property can be bought more cheaply from the owner himself, or from someone whom they believe to be a private individual, than through an agent or at an auction. There are quiet but astute people who are well aware of this idea, and turn it to very profitable use. They will buy an old house with some architectural merit, and with possibilities—a favourite subject is the old half-timbered type. A few hundreds will be judiciously spent on improvements that show, the house will be characteristically furnished, and the buyer will go to live in it, and by judicious advertisement and by himself acting as showman, will re-sell at a very handsome profit. The transaction is perfectly fair and legitimate, but the moral is—always buy at first hand."

KENWOOD.

BEARING on the price of Kenwood, if that estate belonging to Lord Mansfield is to be bought for the public, the following note from a review sent us by Messrs. Prickett and Ellis of Highgate, is of interest: "The Kenwood neighbourhood has always been the happy hunting ground for sites for good class residences, and we have during the last 30 years negotiated sites of an acre and upwards where the ground rents vary from £60 to £80 per acre. In one case in Highgate a ground rent of £100 was obtained for a site of three-quarters of an acre. Kenwood has sites of even greater charm, and we would not be surprised, if it, unfortunately, should come into the market for development, if even better ground rents could be secured on the best sites."

COUNTRY HOUSES AND FARMING.

IN a concise and well reasoned review of their work in 1921, Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock remark that: "The rapid decline in the price of agricultural stock and produce since the removal of Government control has been reflected in the prices realised in the sale room for farms and small holdings. Though there are still plenty of buyers for farms in hand, it is becoming more difficult to sell those subject to a tenancy. There is a better demand at the present time for grass farms than for arable holdings, and there is a great tendency to lay down large portions of the latter to grass. Small grass farms, particularly of from 50 acres to 150 acres, find ready buyers at very fair prices. It should also be pointed out that the very heavy fall in the prices of stock and farm products has a most important bearing on those now going into farming, as the capital required for stock, taking over the tenant-right and crops, etc., is so much less than it has been for some time past."

"Another steady demand, which is very noticeable, is for 'improved' farms, that is to say, for farms having good houses well placed, and with modern conveniences, and also having fair sporting facilities. There is no doubt that many men who in former times would have resided in country houses of some importance are turning to these residential farms with a view to more economical living, and some occupation without the sacrifice of hunting and shooting. Obviously the settlement of independent men on the land as *bona fide* farmers must be of enormous value to the countryside."

"There is little or no demand for home-grown timber, with the exception of the best coppice-grown varieties."

"Our experience during the past twelve months has been that the volume of business has been quite good, and that the number of sales transacted has been little below the average of the preceding two years. Estates are still being broken up, and the process is likely to be continued in the future, unless the heavy demands agricultural landlords are at present called upon to meet are considerably lessened."

Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock now announce the sale by private treaty of Hillside, Newark, on the outskirts of the town, about 50 acres, including valuable frontages. The property was offered in September.

BUSINESS CHANGES.

THE firm of Castiglione and Sons is to be converted into a company styled "Castiglione, Erskine and Co., Limited," Mr. James Monteith Erskine, M.P., and Mr. J. Wardrop Moore, late of Greenhall, Lanarkshire, joining Mr. E. J. Castiglione. Mr. Moore will manage the Edinburgh office. The firm was founded by Mr. E. J. Castiglione, at Workington, in 1882, where he carried on a livestock mart, and estate agency. In 1888 he opened offices in Carlisle for real estate business. Mr. E. V. L. Castiglione became a partner in 1907. In 1911 offices were opened in Edinburgh, and in London in 1918.

Sympathy will be extended to Mr. E. J. Castiglione upon the loss through a motoring accident, of his second son, Mr. J. S. Castiglione, who was travelling to Carlisle and succumbed to injuries received at Doncaster. He was thirty-four years of age, and during the war served in France with the 2-2 Scottish Horse as a lieutenant, being twice wounded.

PLAS AMHERST, HARLECH.

LORD GARVAGH has bought Plas Amherst, Harlech, the agents being Messrs. Millar Son, and Co., on behalf of Princess Sapieha, formerly Lady Amherst, who, with the late Lord Amherst, devoted much personal interest to the formation at Plas Amherst of one of the most delightful homes possible to imagine. The house was erected on a specially selected site under their personal supervision, the glorious scenery and sporting amenities in the district strongly appealing to artists, men of letters and their sporting friends. The sale includes all the furniture, much specially designed by Princess Sapieha in accord with the character of the house. Messrs. Millar, Son and Co. have also, in conjunction with Mr. Robert Burrill, sold the hunting box, Westham, Barford, with 45 acres.

Messrs. George Trollope and Sons have sold by private treaty an important property in Davies Street, Grosvenor Square, until recently the generating station of the Westminster Electric Supply Corporation, and covering an area of about 12,000 ft.

In the past year Messrs. Fox and Sons conducted fifty-four sales of agricultural and house property of all descriptions, together with ground rents. In three sales 541 lots of houses and farms were submitted. Most of the auctions were satisfactory and the total realisations during the year amounted to £967,035. In addition, Messrs. Fox and Sons conducted sixty-four furniture sales in private residences.

POULETT LODGE, RICHMOND.

THE fine riverside house, Poulett Lodge, Richmond, owes its palatial character and handsome embankment to the late Mr. W. H. Punchard. The original house, owned by M. Chauvigny, the French Ambassador, was burnt down in 1734. It was rebuilt and added to from time to time, and, later, Lord Poulett acquired the place and gave it its name. Messrs. Penningtons have just sold the property.

The Woodford estate, near Stockport, mentioned in COUNTRY LIFE of December 24th last, is steadily passing into new hands under the agency of Messrs. Parsons, Clark and Bodin. As the result of interviews with the tenants, they have sold by private treaty twenty-four lots, the total purchase money being about £25,000. Other tenants on the estate are in negotiation for the purchase of their holdings privately.

Upper Ifold, Dunsfold, has been sold to Lady Cynthia Mosley by Mr. Gerald Kelton, whom Messrs. Dibblin and Smith represented. It comprises a couple of fourteenth century houses, which Lady Colebrook restored, before selling the property to Mr. Kelton.

The Cheltenham auction of the late Lord Ellenborough's land is unnecessary, all but one or two lots having been sold by Mr. Jackson Stops privately. He is shortly to sell Sir Robert Walker's estate at Beachampton, near Stony Stratford.

ARBITER.